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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

OR, *pt. 2*

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE LATE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND VICAR OF
NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

10
PART X.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LXXX.

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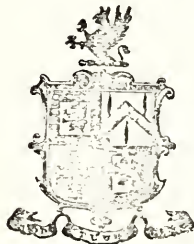
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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. V. PART II.



(R.)—The Phœnix Nest. Built vp with the most rare and refined workes of Noble men, woorthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and braue Schollars. Full of varietie, excellent inuentions, and singular delight. Neuer before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple Gentleman.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Iackson. 1593. 4to.

Among the poetical miscellanies which were so numerous during the reign of Elizabeth, one of the rarest, and at the same time most valuable and interesting in the nature of its contents, perhaps inferior only to *England's Helicon* in the beauty of its lyrical poems, is the *Phœnix Nest*. And although among the seventy-nine poems of which this volume consists, many of them are to be met with in other works of their respective writers, yet several of these pieces are to be found only in this valuable collection. The principal contributors to this most rare miscellany, whose names are known, were George Peele (one), Thomas Lodge (sixteen), Nicholas Breton (four), Edward Vere Earl of Oxford (one), Sir William Harbert (one), William Smith (one), Thomas Watson (three), and without initials, Matthew Roydon (one), and Sir Walter Raleigh (one). Besides these there are also fifty pieces in prose and verse, which are strictly anonymous, some of which, however, it would not perhaps be difficult to appropriate to their rightful owners. For instance, the first poem in the collection is by Matthew Roydon, as we learn from Nash's Epistle before Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, 4to; and the second (according to Mr. Heber) is by Sir Walter Raleigh, but is not included in any edition of his works. The first poem, on p. 69, printed in *England's Helicon* under the title of "The Shepheards praise of his sacred Diana," is also by Sir Walter Raleigh, and

we are induced to believe that there are one or two others by the same writer.

Various have been the conjectures respecting the editor of the *Phoenix Nest*, who is designated by the initials R. S. By Coxeter the work was attributed to Richard Stonyhurst, the translator of a portion of Virgil; by Warton, with more probability, to Richard Stapylton; and by Waldron, to Robert Southwell the Jesuit. The first, although reputed a good classical scholar, had scarcely sufficient taste for so refined and elegant a work. The severity of style, and the utter abstinence from amatory or satirical subjects in the poems of Father Southwell, whose effusions were entirely of a religious cast, forbid our ascribing the volume to this writer. Of the three persons named, we are more disposed to assign the editorship to Richard Stapylton, who occasionally wrote verses himself; but these claims after all are only conjectural, and without any proper foundation, and the editor must, we fear, still remain unknown. He was no doubt personally assisted by many of the contributors to the volume, and we must gratefully acknowledge the justness and elegance of his taste in the selection of the pleasing specimens which he has collected together in this miscellany. Less bright and sparkling than the poems in *England's Helicon*, the compositions in this volume are infinitely superior to the former collections of Edwards, Proctor, or Robinson, and contain some of the most beautiful productions of Lodge, Breton, and others. And although it has been reprinted, a slight specimen or two of a work so rare and so interesting may not be unacceptable to the readers of our early English poetry. The first is an extract from "An Elegie, or friends passion for his Astrophill. Written upon the death of the right Honorable Sir Philip Sidney, knight, Lord gouvernor of Flushing."

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
Listen ye then to that in su'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruther.

You knew, who knew not Astrophill,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.



Within these woods of Arcadie,
 He cheefe delight and pleasure tooke,
 And on the mountaine Parthenio
 Vpon the chrySTALL liquid brooke
 The Muses met him eu'ry day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount
 His personage seemed most diuine,
 A thousand graces one might count
 Vpon his louely cheerefull eie,
 To heare him speake and sweetely smile
 You were in Paradise the while.

A sweete attractiue kinde of grace,
 A full assurance giuen by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face,
 The lineaments of Gospell books,
 I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was neuer eie, did see that face,
 Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
 Was neuer minde, did minde his grace
 That euer thought the trauell long,
 But eies, and eares, and eu'ry thought
 Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a woorthy man
 In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
 Desired thus, must leaue vs than
 And we to wish for him in vaine,
 O could the stars that bred that wit,
 In force no longer fixed sit.

Then being fil'd with learned dew
 The Muses willed him to loue,
 That instrument can aptly shew
 How finely our conceits will moue,
 As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
 So loue sets out our better parts.

* * * *

Our Astrophill did Stella loue,
 A Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
 Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
 Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill.



The rose and lillie haue their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe exceede
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reade
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement too
Sees more than any other doe.

Then Astrophill hath honor'd thee,
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by virtue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue
To short liu'de beautie aye to liue.

Above all others this is hee
Which erst approoued in his song,
That loue and honor might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong,
Sweete saints it is no sinne nor blame
To loue a man of vertuous fame.

Did never loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did neuer muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of loue with high conceit,
And beautie rear'd about hir height.

Midst lasting griefes, to haue but short repose,
In little ease, to feede on loath'd suspect,
Through deepe despite, assured loue to lose,
In shew to like, in substance to neglect.

To laugh an howre, to weep an age of woe,
From true mishap to gather false delight,
To freeze in feare, in inward hart to glowe;
To read my losse within a ruthles sight:

To seeke my weale, and wot not where it lies,
In hidden fraud, an open wrong to finde,
Of ancient thoughts, new fables to deuise,
Delightfull smiles, but yet a scornfull minde.

These are the meanes that murder my releefe,
And end my doubtfull hope with certaine greefe.

T. L. Gent.

Like to a Hermite poore in place obscure,
 I meane to spend my daies of endles doubt,
 To waile such woes as time cannot recure,
 Where none but Loue shall euer finde me out.

My foode shall be of care and sorrow made,
 My drink nought elso but teares falne from mine eies,
 And for my light in such obscured shade,
 The flames shall serue, which from my hart arise.

A gowne of graie, my bodie shall attire,
 My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll staie,
 Of late repentance linck't with long desire,
 The couch is fram'd whereon my limbes I'll lay,
 And at my gate dispaire shall linger still,
 To let in death when Loue and Fortune will.

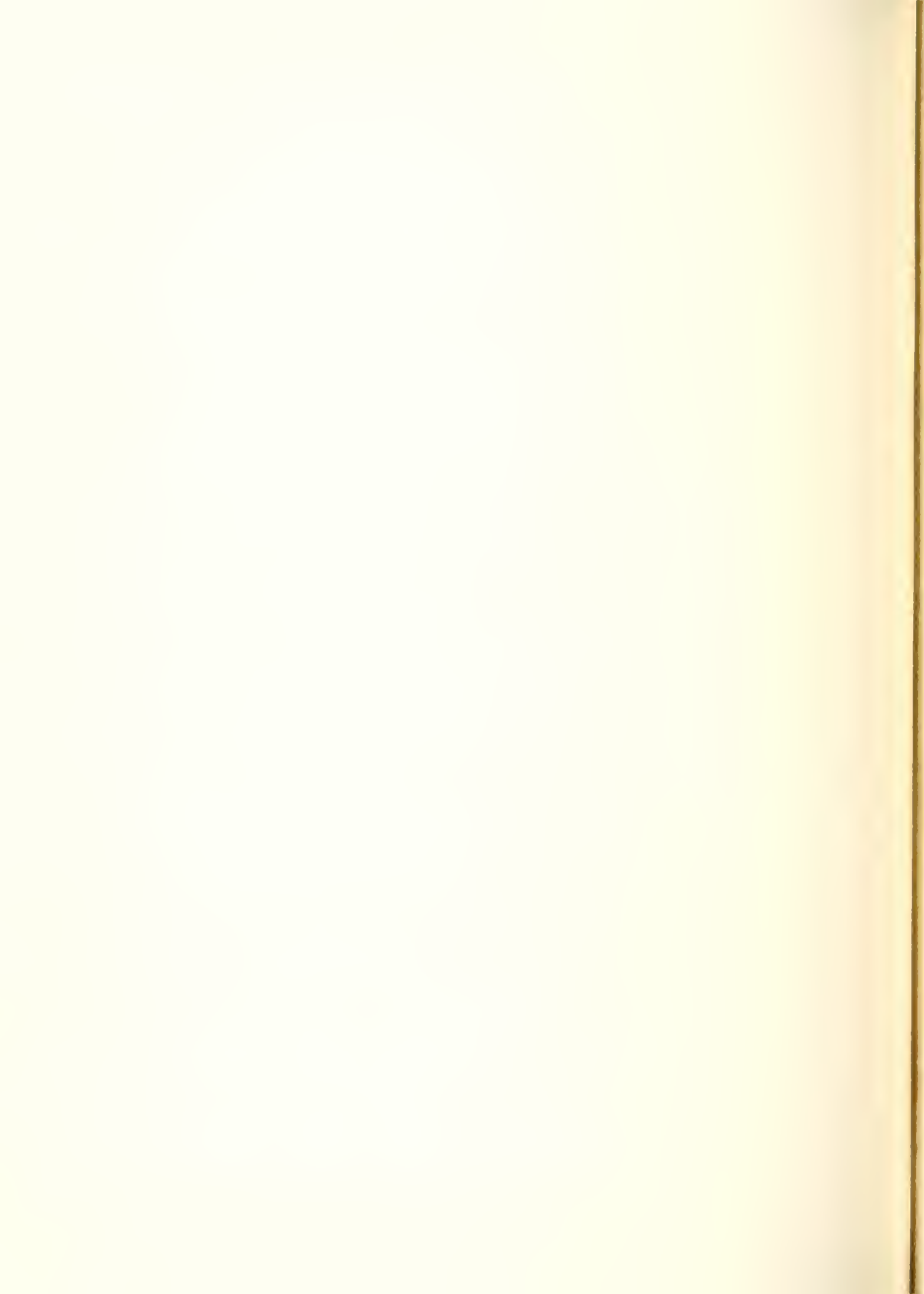
This was the piece alluded to by Isaac Walton in his *Complete Angler*, and was set to music by Nicholas Laneare, an eminent composer, and published in a collection entitled *Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, folio. The song, with the notes, are reprinted in Major's *Edit. of Walton*, 1823, 8vo, but with some variations, and the second verse in the present work is there made the last. A song somewhat resembling this occurs in a poem by Thomas Lodge, entitled "Scillaes Metamorphosis," &c., printed in 1589, 4to, four years earlier than the present publication. It is alluded to by Pepys and by other writers; and the first words, "Like Hermit poor," were frequently used as a sort of proverb or phrase. It was probably here printed for the first time.

Would I were chaung'd into that golden showre
 That so diuinely streamed from the skies,
 To fall in drops vpon the daintie floore,
 Where in hir bed, she solitarie lies.

Then would I hope such showres as richly shine
 Would pearce more deepe than these wast teares of mine.

Or would I were that plumed Swan, snowe white,
 Vnder whose forme, was hidden heauenly power,
 Then in that riuer would I most delite,
 Whose waues doe beate, against hir stately bower,
 And in those banks, so tune my dying song,
 That hir deafe ears, would think my plaint too long.

Else would I were Narcissus, that sweete boy;
 And she hir selfe, the sacred fountaine cleere,



Who raiisht with the pride of his owne ioy,
 Drenched his lims, with gazing ouer neere :
 So should I bring, my soule to happie rest,
 To end my life, in that I loued best.

The gentle season of the yeere
 Hath made my blooming branch appeere,
 And beautified the land with flowres,
 The aire doth sauor with delight,
 The heauens doe smile, to see the sight,
 And yet mine eies, augments their showres.

The meades are mantled all with greene,
 The trembling leaues, haue cloth'd the treene,
 The birds with feathers new doe sing,
 But I, poore soule, when wrong doth wrack,
 Attire my selfe in mourning black,
 Whose leafe doth fall amid his spring.

And as you see the skarlet Rose
 In his sweete prime, his buds disclose,
 Whose hewe is with the Sun reuiued,
 So in the Aprill of mine age,
 My liuely colours doe asswage
 Because my Sun-shine is deprived.

My hart that wonted was of yore,
 Light as the winde abroad to sore,
 Amongst the buds when beautie springs,
 Now onely houers ouer you,
 As doth the birde that's taken new,
 And mourns when all hir neighbours sing.

When euery man is bent to sport,
 Then pensiue I alone resort
 Into some solitarie walke;
 As doth the dolefull Turtle doue,
 Who hauing lost hir faithfull loue,
 Sits mourning on some withered stalke.

There to my selfe, I doe recount
 How far my woes, my ioyes surmount,
 How Loue requiteth me with hate :
 How all my pleasures end in paine,
 How hate doth say, my hope is vaine
 How fortune frownes vpon my state.

And in this moode, charg'd with despaire,
 With vapored sighes, I dim the aire,
 And to the Gods make this request :
 That by the ending of my life
 I may haue truce with this strange strife,
 And bring my soule to better rest.

Of all the woes my pensiuie hart endureth,
 It grieues me most, when I my sorrowes frame
 I knowe not what, this wretchednes procureth,
 Nor whereupon I am to cast the blame.

The fault is not in hir, for well I see,
 I am vnworthy of hir grace in this,
 Nor yet in loue, who hath vouchsafed me
 To knowe within this life so rare a blisse.

To grieue me of my sight, then comes to minde,
 As head and author of my haples woes :
 But better afterward aduisde I finde
 That onely from hir lookes, all sweetnes does.
 And when iust cause of sorrowing doth faile,
 I waile in fine, because I cannot waile.

The reader may consult a note on the last line of this song in Mr. Park's reprint in the *Heliconia*, vol. ii, p. 154. And among other beautiful pieces in this volume, we can do no more than refer him to the fine poem, "The Praise of Chastitie," by George Peele; the sprightly verses called, "A Description of Loue," and "A Description of Jealousy."

This work has been reprinted by Mr. Park, with a short introduction, in the second vol. of *Heliconia*, but, it is to be regretted, very inaccurately, and with the omission of several lines. Mr. Malone's copy, which had formerly belonged to Dr. Farmer, and was purchased at his Sale, No. 7245, for 1*l.* 19*s.*, is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; Mr. Heber's copy, pt. iv, No. 2446, sold for 3*l.* 10*s.*, and is now in the late Mr. Miller's collection at Britwell House. These two, and the present one from Mr. Chalmers's Library, pt. ii, No. 916, where it sold for 40*l.*, and in Mr. Bright's Sale, No. 4879, for 28*l.* 10*s.*, are the only perfect copies known. Sir Francis Freeling had an imperfect one, wanting two leaves and a portion of another, which brought at his Sale, No. 2074, 4*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and there is another, also imperfect, in the Bodleian Library.

For further notices of this excessively rare book, the reader may consult

Cens. Liter., vol. i, p. 146; and vol. ii, p. 120; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 227; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. vi, p. 248; Fry's *Bibliogr. Memor.*, p. 76; Drake's *Life and Times of Shakespeare*, vol. i, p. 718; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 291; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, p. 293; Chalmers's *Catal.*, pt. ii, p. 60; and Park's *Heliconia*.

Bound in Calf, extra.

S. MARIE OF ÆGIPT. A Sacred Poeme describing the Miraculous Life and Death of the Glorious Conuert S. Marie of Ægipt who passed fortie seauen yeares in the desarts leading a penitentiall life to the astonishment of all succeeding ages.

"Plerumque gratior est Deo feruens post culpam vita; quam securitate torpens innocentia.

D. Greg.

No place, date, or printer's name, but probably Douay circa 1630. 4to, pp. 66.

A manuscript note, in an old hand on the title of this copy, attributes the poem to G. Elliott, but whether on any authority or not, we are ignorant. From the form of the type, it is evident that this poem was printed on the Continent; and being in all probability written by some Roman Catholic priest, studying abroad, in the English College at Douay or St. Omer's, it is most likely to have been printed at one of those places, probably at the former. The title is succeeded by "The Argument of the Poem from approved authors," on two pages, containing an account of the life of Mary, the Ægyptian, from various Roman Catholic writers, which is afterwards versified and expanded in the poem. It is written with considerable power and force of expression, and some of the images and descriptions are highly poetical; and independently of the work being somewhat scarce, it possesses considerable literary merit. We quote the following, as a specimen, from p. 35:

My prayer ended: on the tufted grasse
Earth's natif Carpet, halfe a loafe I place,
And sitting downe on Jordan's flowry bed,
Praying the Almighty's name, I ate my bread:
My thirst I quenel in the vndamag'd flood,
For what I tooke in drinke, my tears made good.

Contented with this sober fare I rise,
 And to the orient skye conuert mine eyes,
 Giuing all thanks to him, who to all giues
 And with due foode his creatures relieues:
 That eue, and most part of that night, I spent
 In prayer: the rest to careful slumbers lent:
 Early next morning, ere the rising sun
 Had from the east his dayly course begun,
 Watchful I rise, my knees and heart I bowe,
 Weepe, and reiterate my former vow,
 And hauing to the glorious virgin prayd
 More earnestly than euer, for her ayd
 In al my actions, til my soule enlargd
 From mortal fetters, had its vowes dischargd,
 With constant purpose neuer to forsake
 The course, by her addresse I was to take.
 Strait boating ouer the saint honourd flood,
 I hid me in this vnfrequented wood:
 From which time, euer flying, I haue fled
 And this vast desert's depth inhabited
 Expecting him with loue and fear, who saues
 The humbled sinner, which, his mercy craues.
 Here she concluded: he, whose raiisht ears
 Had seemd transported to th' harmonial speres,
 Whiles she spake sweeter musicke, now displeasd
 Those accents of her heauenly voyce were ceasd,
 Hoping a while, that of her self, she would
 Some other passage of her life haue told,
 Stood mute: but silent shame with downe-cast eies
 Her aaged face in virtue's colour dyes,
 At things her self had sayd: this he perceaues:
 And thus with wordes, her of new words deceaues:
 How long (o sainted sinner) is it since
 These woods their first blisse borrow'd from thy sinnes,
 Forty seuen times, sayd she, the golden sun
 Through the twelue signes its compleate race hath run
 For so oft haue I markt these trees left bare,
 And their rich out-sides nipt by th' colder ayre.
 As oft, (if this we reckon) haue I seen
 The fragrant spring restore their natue green
 Since Sions holy citty I forsooke,
 And pennance in this desert vndertoke.

Some of the expressions and epithets in this passage, we think, are forcible and noteworthy, as the following :

———— But silent shame with downe-east eies
Her aged face in virtue's colour dyes.

Again, a favourite expression with the author :

Swimming in fervour, and loues sweetest sweets. p. 53.

Her soul e'en swimming in her fixed eye. p. 17.

Again, of a lion :

His shaggy fleece waues with his angry wind
And stares, with horror *quilled*. p. 61.

i.e., quilled like a porcupine.

I have already mentioned that this is a scarce poetical volume, and was priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 480, at 10*l.* 10*s.* The present is a large copy of it, but has part of a leaf supplied by manuscript. It was formerly purchased from Longman's Catalogue for 9*l.* 9*s.*

Bound by Finlay. In Brown Calf.

ST. MARY OF ÆGIPT. A Sacred Poem describing the Miraculous Life and Death of the Glorious Convert St. Mary of Ægipt. Who past forty seaven yeares in the Desarts leadeing a Penetential Life to the Astonishment of all Succeeding Ages.

"Plerumque gratior est deo fervens post culpam vita, quam Securitate torpens Innoentia."

D. Greg.

MS., n. d. 4to, pp. 106.

A manuscript copy of the same poem, containing 53 leaves, very neatly written in the hand of the time, and rubricated throughout. It appears to have been written after the poem was printed, the orthography being slightly modernized, but probably not long after, by some English student at Douay, and is, with the exception just named, a correct transcript of the original; the only addition being a table of the contents, occupying two leaves at the end, which is not in the printed copy.

Bound by Hayday

In Purple Morocco, blank tooled, gilt leaves.

SAINT PETERS TEN TEARES.—Ten Teares of S. Peters, supposedly written upon his weeping sorrowes for denying his Maister Christ.

London Printed by Gabriel Simson for William Iones, and are to be solde at his shop neere Holburne conduict, at the signe of the Gunne. 1597. 4to.

There were two editions of these *Teares*, of which the present is the first. The title is within a woodcut border, and the work consists of ten short poems, each containing six stanzas of six lines, descriptive of Peter's sorrow and repentance for denying his master; and preceded by the following metrical "Introduction to Saint Peter's Teares":

Imaginarie *Muses* get you gone,
 And you of *Ideas* idle company;
 That place your Paradise in *Citheron*,
 And call upon the Nymphes of *Thessalie*.
 Restraine your haughtie metaphoricke lines;
 For reuerent truth your glory undermines.
 The Throne of Heauen is her holy hill,
 Whence flowes the Spring of sauing health:
 Instead of birdes, Archangels sing her will,
 The Temple is her loue, and peace her wealth.
 O sacred sweete, and sweetest sacred substance:
 Vnloose the Springs of Peters poore repentance.
 And thou, O holy Ghost, and sacred Spirit,
 Faire milke white Doue, unto the meekest lambe:
 The minister of heauen, the Lord of merit,
 The gladdest messenger that euer came.
 Infuse thy grace so sweetely in mine eares,
 That I may truly write Saint *Peters* Teares.

We quote one of the poems as a specimen of the author's style of versification:

The second Teare.

Come night, the sable garment of a sinuer,
 Which every pure repentant heart puts on:
 Of true contrition thou was first beginner,
 thy meekenes is apparell fit to mourne
 Thou art a secret chamber to the wise,
 Where they may sweetly wet their brinish eyes.

Here is no prospect to betray the soule,
 or to seduce the mind of him that prayes :
 Now vaine corruption needs not to controule,
 or fling into our sinnes secure delays,
 Downe knees, vp hands, weepe eyes, speake careful tounge
 'Tis dangerous if yee deferre too long.

O glorious starres, methinks you are his eyes,
 That stain'd with pittie to behold my paine :
 All things are his that burnish thus the skyes,
 his matchlesse selfe amongst them doth remaine.
 O then but looke on *Peters* lamentations,
 As thou doost note the wickednesse of nations.

If I but sleepe, I dreame of thy diuinenesse,
 O let me sleepe, and neuer wake againe :
 For once awake, such is our sinfull blindnesse,
 wee cannot see the purenesse of the same.
 Or else dissolue me, I may euer dwell
 To view that beautie which no tounge can tell.

Or let me els suppose I see the same,
 Methinks in soule I see thy cheerefull grace :
 As if thou saidst, sad *Peter* now refraine,
 I haue beheld thy teare bedewed face.
 O Sauour, might I haue such comfort still,
 I'le haue no other fantasies by my will.

Soft *Peter* thou hast many teares to shed,
 thou art too bolde to challenge mercie yet :
 Till thou art sure thy sinfull soule is fled,
 Morne, noone, and night, thine eyes must still be wet :
 Then, when remorse hath drawne thy Fountaine drye,
 Thy God hath heard thy pittie moouing crye.

The author of these poems is unknown, but there is little doubt that Southwell's poem of "Saint Peter's Complaint," which had been published only two years before, had furnished him with the idea, whose metre also is imitated in the construction of the stanza, but to whose chaste and eloquent composition, the present poems are inferior in deep fervour and pathos. The volume is rare, and is not noticed in any bibliographical work that we know of, excepting the *Bill. Ang. Poet.*, No. 681, where the present copy, formerly Mr. Hill's, is priced at 6*l.* 6*s.*

Bound in Brown Calf.

SAINT PETERS TEARES.—Supposedly written vpon his weeping sorrowes for denying his Maister Christ.

London Printed for William Iones, and are to be solde at his shoppe neare Holburne Conduict at the signe of the Gunne. 1602. 4to, pp. 22.

Like the former edition, this also has the title within a neat woodcut border. There is no difference in the contents of the two impressions, except that the first has each "Teare" distinctly entitled, which is not the case in the present edition. This is equally rare with the other, and is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 682, at 5*l.* 5*s.* The present is the same copy, formerly Mr. Hill's, and was afterwards in Mr. Skegg's collection, No. 1548.

Bound in Calf, extra.

SAVILE, (JOHN.)—King James his entertainment at Theobalds: With his welcome to London, together with a salutarie Poeme. By John Savile.

Dicito Ið pæan, et Ið his dicito pæan.

London printed by Thomas Snodham, and are to be sould at the house of T. Este. 1603. 4to, pp. 22.

Anth. Wood calls this John Savile "a great pretender to poetry in the beginning of the reign of James I., and patronized in his studies by his kinsman (a young spark) called George Savile, the son of Sir George Savile, knight; which John wrote, amongst other things, *King James his entertainment at Theobalds.*" He is not, however, to be confounded with Sir John Savile, the eminent lawyer, who was one of the Barons of the Exchequer, knighted by King James I. in 1603, and who died in 1606.

This small poetical tract of eleven leaves by John Savile, "the pretender to poetry," has a metrical dedication of twelve lines "To the right worshipfull master George Savile, sonne and heire to Sir George Savile, knight, his most approued kinde patron." Then follows a prose account of *King James his entertainment at Theobalds*, the seat of Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, on the 3rd of May 1603, where his majesty and retinue were

entertained for four days, on the way from Scotland to London, the festivities of which exceeded anything of the kind hitherto known. This occupies four leaves, and the tract ends with the "Salutatorie Poeme to the Majestie of King James," five leaves more. The author, as a pretender to poetry himself, could not avoid noticing the poetical pretensions of the learned and pedantic monarch, and thus alludes to his published volume of poesie :

Mongst all estates Poets haue cause to sing
 King *James* his welcome ; for hee doth excell
 As his *Lepantho* and his *Furies* tell
 In Poesie.

See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 774, ed. Bliss ; Moule's *Biblioth. Herald*, p. 58 ; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 668. Consult also Nicholls's *Progresses of King James I.*, vol. i, p. 135, where this tract is reprinted at length. It is rare, and in few collections, for excepting the present copy, which was the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, and afterwards in Mr. Heber's collection, pt. iv., No. 2457, and one in Thorpe's Catalogue for 1836, which had been Garrick's, we know of no other occurring for sale of late years. There is a copy in the Bodleian Library. Garrick's copy, along with some other rare tracts in the same volume, No. 1323, were sold to Thorpe for 53*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

Fine copy. Bound by Mackenzie.
 In Brown Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

SCOT, (GREGORY.)— A briefe Treatise agaynst certayne errors of the Romish Church. Very plainly, notably, and pleasantly confuting the same by Scriptures and auncient writers. Compiled by Gregory Scot 1570. Perused and lisenced according to the Quenes Maiesties Iniunction. 1574.

Imprynted at London by John Awdeley. Sm. 8vo, pp. 62, blk. lctt.

This little black letter treatise is directed against certain errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome, and we can easily imagine that small works in verse, like the present, written in a plain and simple style, and adapted to the comprehension of all, must have produced considerable effect, at the time of the Reformation, on the minds of the people, and have strongly disposed them against the idolatry and superstitions of the Romish Church.

There is a homeliness and earnestness in the verse which impresses us forcibly with the sincerity of the writer; and in all times of popular excitement and changes of public feeling, whether religious or political, the aid of the poet has invariably been invoked. It is this circumstance which has induced our most judicious historians to bestow peculiar attention upon the popular poetry which bears upon the religious changes of the sixteenth century, affording as it does an index to the spirit which actuated the early Reformers, scarcely to be noticed, or, at all events, not so vividly, in the calmer pages of prose writers. The work, which is of great rarity, consists of a poem divided into four parts, and is written in four-line stanzas. The title is succeeded by an address from "The Printer to the Christian Reader," in six eight-line stanzas, in which he says that it was published.

Chiefly for the symple sorte,
 ——— in forme most playne,
 In pleasant wyse, and order shorte
 And in their mynde the same contayne.

He also says :

The Author to me as unknowne
 To thee, good Reader I commend.

* * * *

And prayse thou God for this his lyght
 Which in our dayes doth now so shine
 Who opened hath the myndes and syght
 Of many learned, for profit thyne.
 To God alone therefore resigne
 These prayes due, and not to men,
 Yet in thy prayers haue in mynde
 Their good estate, and thanke God then.

The poem then commences as follows :

How is the faythful City chaunge
 from that it was before?
 Where righteousnes some time did syt,
 now bloudshed raygueth more.

Rome once it had renowned prayse
 for Truth therein dyd dwell:
 A faythfull Citie once it was,
 and others dyd excell.

But now ungodlynnes doth raygne
 where fayth dyd then abound:

Their wicked and most lothsome liues
throughout the world doth sound.

Rome is a cage of Birdes uncleane
a sincke of filthy synne :

Few errors haue the Church infect,
that dyd not there begynne.

From thence they spred ouer the earth
what place could once be found,

That free was from infection?
in Europe none was found.

After a few more introductory stanzas the poem proceeds to treat of the four great errors of the Romish Church, against which it is directed, viz.: (1.) Against Images and Idolatrie; (2.) Against the Sacrifice of the Masse, and the wicked adoration; (3.) Against the praying to Saintes; (4.) Against the justification of workes.

The following is a curious passage from the part against the praying to Saints:

Wher y^e Church of Christ remains
there God alone is knowne
His onely name who calls upon
those people be his owne.

But with your Romish church it is
worse, then with Juda was,
Because the number of your gods
doth all your Cities pas.

For no disease nor daunger is,
but there was euer, one
To whom you did ascribe the power
of curing it alone.

* * * *

Saint John, and so saint Benediet
all poyson could expell
Sebastian and Saint Roche for plague
all others dyd excell.

Saint Blase for swelling of the necke
Otilia for the sight,
Saint Steuen also was prayde unto
to saue us in the night.

Saint Clement and Saint Christofer
from drowning could preserue,

For payne of teeth the onely prayse
Oppoline did deserue.

For headach Anastasius,
Urbane was God of wyne,
For sodaine death S. Marke was sought
Saint Antony for our swyne.

For ague was Saint Petronell,
Cornelis had the skill
Of falling sickenes daungerous
to saue us from the ill.

Saint Valentine for the kinges cuyll,
saint Laurence for the fyre
All prisoners saint Leonard prayd
to graunt them their desyre.

The Hunters had Eustachius,
the whores had Magdalene
Unto Saint George in tyme of warre
what seeking hath there bene?

These be your gods and many mo
on whom the people call,
These be your stinking eesterns, that
no water hold at all.

When you thus ranne lyke Infidels,
to seeke helpe at the dead,
You thought no doubt in Israell
there was no God to dread.

You thought hys power was verie weake,
and yet do think the same,
Els would you not put confidence
in any other name.

But Papistes and the Heathen both
in this faith do agree,
If many gods they haue to helpe
the safer shall they bee.

The following are the concluding stanzas :

The tree doth lift itselfe aloft
that hath least fruite thereon,
But where great plenty groweth most
it boweth down anon.

So are we proude, and yet but poore,
 no goodnes we haue here,
 Though we lyue well, yet euermore
 let us fall downe in feare.

And so not in our righteousnes
 but for his mercies sake,
 To God in tyme of troubles great
 our prayers we will make.

As unto godly workes in Christ
 we all he created,
 So let us warely walke therein,
 as God hath ordayned.

Forsaking all our former synnes
 renude in hart and mynde,
 Least unto Christ our Sauour
 we show our selues unkynde.

Who by his death dyd us redeeme
 not to our selues to lyue,
 But unto him, his lyfe for us
 that did so freely gyue.

O God be mercyfull to us
 and blesse us plenteously
 The brightnes of thy countenance
 shew us continually.

That we on earth thy waies mai learn
 and euer thinke thereon,
 And that all nations here may know
 thy sauing health alone.

Finis.

Grig. Scot.

The Colophon is as follows: "Imprinted at London by John Awdeley, dwelling in lytle Britaine streete without Aldersgate 1574." We are unable to state any information respecting the author of this little poetical treatise. He is mentioned by Ritson in his *Bill. Poet.*, p. 326. See also Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iv, p. 569; and an article on this work, with some quotations, by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 490. There was a copy in Bindley's Library, pt. iii, No. 1134, which sold for 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; another, or the same, in Inglis's do., No. 1296, which brought 3*l.* 1*s.*; and a third in Skegg's do., No. 1576.

In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

SEAGER, (FRANCIS.)—The Schoole of Vertue, and Booke of good Nurture, teaching Children and Youth their duties. Newly perused, corrected, and amended. Hereunto is added a briefe Declaration of the duties of each degree. Also certain Prayers and Graces compiled by R. C.

If thou wilt be counted vertuous and holy,
Despise not good counsell but rebuke folly.

London Printed by M. Flesher for Iohn Wright at the Kings Head in the Old Bayley. n. d. Sm. 8vo., blft. lctt.

Francis Seager, who with Robert Crowley was joint author of this little treatise, was one of the contributors to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, for which he wrote the legend of Richard III., which first appeared in Baldwyn's edition of 1559. He also published "*Certayne Psalmes* (19) *select out of the Psalter of David*, and drawn into English Metre, with Notes to every Psalm in iiii Parts to synge by F. S., London Printed by Wyllyam Seres, 1553, sm. 8vo, and dedicated to Lorde Russell." At the end of this is a poem in the measure of Sternhold, entitled "A Description of the Lyfe of Man, the Worlde, and Vanities thereof." The present work appears to have been first published from the press of William Seres in 1557, 8vo—again in 1588—and as appears from numerous entries in the Registers of the Stationers Company, frequently reprinted both before and after the last-named date. It is erroneously ascribed by Ant. Wood to Robert Crowley, who, however, had nothing to do with the former part containing *The Schoole of Vertue*, which was written by Seager, and has his initials at the end. Crowley's portion consists of "Certaine Prayers and Graces newly added, to be used of Schollers, both before and after noone. Compiled by R. C." The work is printed in black letter, but this edition is not earlier than the reign of Charles I., who is especially mentioned in the last poem of Seager's portion, "The particular duties of all degrees." On a leaf preceding the title, which is also repeated at the end of the book, is a woodcut figure of a nobleman or gentleman, with furred cloak, and a mace in his hand, standing by a pillar, with a full woodcut border round it filling the entire page. On the reverse of this, and facing the title-page, is another small woodcut frontispiece emblematic of the School of Vertue. At the back of the title are some lines, "The Preachers Counsell to Parents and

Masters," forming an anagram, "Robert Crowley," and below this another of Seager, "The authors name in verdict." The *Schoole of Vertue* contains various directions, in verse, on rising in the morning, at schoole, at the table, at meat, in church, on being sent on a message, &c.; with directions against gaming, envy, malice, swearing, filthy talkes, and lying; and on the fruits of vertue, learning, charity, love, and patience, concluding with "The particular duties of all degrees." Crowley's portion consists, as before said, of "Certaine Prayers and Graces newly added, to be used of Schollers, both before and after noone. Compiled by R. C." A short extract from each part of the book will tend to shew the nature of the work, and also the character of the verse.

Against the horrible sinne of swearing.

Chap. 11.

In vaine take not the name of God,
 sware not at all for feare of his rod
 The house with plagues he threatneth to visit,
 where oathes are used they cannot escape it.
 Just are his judgements and true to his word,
 and sharper it is then a two edged sword.
 Wherefore beware thou of his indignation,
 learne to live well in thy vocation.
 Whereunto the Lord through grace doeth thee call
 rising againe if thou chance to fall.
 By prayer and repentance, and minde to amend
 for Christ would have saved all such as offend.
 If they doe turne from their wickednesse
 and purpose to live in vertue and godlinesse.
 What better art thou for thy cursed swearing
 like a blasphemous beast the name of God tearing?
 Provoking his ire, and kindling his wrath
 to endlesse perdition the perillous path;
Seneca doth counsell thee of swearing to refrain
 although much profit by it thou maist gaine,
Pericles whose words are manifest and true
 doth thee admonish all oathes to eschew.
 The Law likewise which God the Lord gave
 swearing amongst us by no means would have:
 The counsel of Philosophers I have expressed,
 amongst whom swearing was utterly detested
 Much lesse among Christians it ought to be used
 for it comes of the Deuill, and must be refused.

Prayers for Schollers.

Compiled by R. C.

Now that the day-star doth appeare
to God devoutly let us call,
That in the deeds of day-light cleare
he keepe us from misfortunes all.

Let him temper our tattling tongue
by bridling it after his will,
Lest horror vile break us among
with words of strife that sound full ill.

Let him cover our sight alway
by feeding it as he knowes best,
Lest we delight in vaine things too,
and so draw them into our breast.

Let all the secrets of our heart
be pure and cleane from filthiuesse
Let slothfull sluggishnesse depart
from us that study doe professe.

Let meane dyet of drinke and meate
beate downe the pride of filthy flesh,
Lest raging in that filthy heate
it lose of youth the flowers fresh.

These things we crave, that when the day
by course of kind away shall passe
And night shall come, then sing we may
in praise of him to our solace.

We have, in other places, given some short paraphrases, in verse, of the Lord's Prayer; and we now add to these another by Crowley, with which we conclude our extracts.

Our Father which in heaven art
and dost raigne over all;
Thy holy name be sanctified
among both great and small.

Thy kingdom come wherein we may
no wicked thing abide;
Nor ought that doth set up it selfe
or is puffed up with pride.

Thy will be done upon the earth
 like as in heaven above
 Where all thy creatures work thy will
 because they doe thee love.

Give us this day our daily bread,
 which need doth make us crave,
 For why? our soules and bodies both
 of thee their food must have.

To ask forgivenessse of our sinnes
 dear Father, we are bold;
 As we forgive wrongs that are done
 against us manifold.

Doe thou not us to tryall bring,
 for we are weak indeed;
 But when sin shall us all assault,
 deliver us with speed.

For why? the kingdome and the power
 and glory every whit,
 Is thine, and shall be evermore
 all soules say, So be it.

O Lord preserve our King and Queen,
 with all his royall traine;
 But chiefly such as jealous be
 the Gospell to maintaine;
 Which grant, O God, till day of doome
 in Britain may remaine.

Wood remarks of this treatise, that it was, in his day, "commonly sold at the stalls of ballad singers." And indeed the present copy has all the appearance of a common chap book, and no doubt the work was, although now so rare, frequently reprinted. In his notice of Seres's edition of 1557, Dr. Dibdin expresses his regret that a more particular account of this book cannot be presented to the reader, which has also escaped the researches of Herbert. See also Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 544; and Ritson's *Bill. Poet.*, p. 326.

Collation: Sig. A 1, woodcut and frontispiece; A 2, title page; Sig. A to C 8 inclusive, in eight.

The present is an edition not noticed by Lowndes, and is bound
 In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

SENECA his Tenne Tragedies, translated into Englysh.

Mercurii nutrices, horse.

Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete neere unto Saincte Dunstans church by Thomas Marsh. 1581. 4to, blkt. lctt.

We have already noticed some of these translations as they first appeared separately, and they are here collected together in one volume by Thomas Newton, the translator of one of them, the *Thebais*, and published under his editorship. The title is within a compartment with the Stationer's Arms at the top, and termini at the sides, and T. M. joined at the bottom. The dedication by Newton is addressed "To the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Henneage Knight, Treasurer of her Maiesties Chamber," and is dated "From Buteley in Chesshyre the 24 of Aprill 1581." This is succeeded by "The Names of the Tragedies of Seneca and by whom each of them was translated; Hercules Furens, Thyestes, and Troas, by Jasper Heywood; *Œdipus*, by Alex. Nevile, 1560; Hippolytus, Medea, Agamemnon, and Hercules Oetæus, by John Studley; Octavia, by T. Nuce; and *Thebais*, by Thomas Newton." The latter here appeared in English for the first time, the others having been printed previously. For although no separate editions of the "*Hippolytus*" and the "*Hercules Oetæus*" are at present known, it is not improbable that they had been published before the date of the present work, although no copies have survived, as we find that Henry Denham had licence for printing the fourth Tragedy of Seneca, *i.e.*, the "*Hippolitus*," which was afterwards assigned over by him, with some other works, to Rich. Jones and J. Charlewood in 1579. They are, for the most part, without the dedications and addresses which were prefixed to the separate editions, having only the Arguments to each Tragedy, with the exception of the fifth, the "*Œdipus*," by Alex. Nevyle, which has a dedicatory Epistle to "Maister Doctor Wotton," and a Preface to the Reader; and the sixth, the "*Troas*," by Jasper Heywood, which has an Address to the Reader. Doctor Wotton was one of the Queen's Privy Counsel, and Godfather to Nevyle, who was only in his sixteenth year when he translated this play in 1560, which was first printed in 1563 by Thomas Colwell, and which Warton says, "notwithstanding his youth, is by far the most spirited and elegant version in the whole collection," whilst Mr. Collier thinks him a most unskilful versifier, and inferior to all his coadjutors. But Warton's opinion will certainly obtain the greater number of suffrages.

As the first English translation of the Tragedies of Seneca, this work is of considerable importance, and merits the attention of every admirer of the ancient classical drama. The whole of the translations (save in the choruses), Nuce's Octavia alone excepted, are written in the long or Alexandrine measure of fourteen feet, the Octavia only is partly in the ten feet rhyming measure, and partly in lines of eight feet metre, the whole of the tragedies being in rhyme. This latter play is also printed in a larger type than the rest, all the others being in a small and difficult gothic letter, while the arguments and choruses are in a roman and *italic* letter. They are not to be considered as mere translations, several of the plays being altered and transformed, and in some instances, whole scenes and choruses being added, shewing the talent and ability of their writers in original composition, and "that they were not always implicitly enslaved to the prescribed letter of their models." Warton has given a copious and interesting account of this volume, and of the respective merits of each of the contributors in succession. Mr. Haslewood also, in the *Cens. Liter.*, and Mr. Collier, in his *Hist. Dram. Poetry*, have each of them written a description of the work, and afforded examples from the different plays; and as we have already quoted passages from several of these in our account of the earlier separate editions of some of the tragedies, it will be needless here to multiply them, or to extend this article further. It will be sufficient to refer the reader, if he wishes for any further information on the subject, to the following works: Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 205; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 285; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 387; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 315; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iv, p. 529; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 542; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 13; *Extracts from the Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 147, and vol. ii, p. 148; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 10; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 372; Whalley's *Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare*; and Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, pp. 248, 383, 394, and 494. The volume is scarce, and has usually brought a high price. Bindley's copy, pt. iii, No. 2028, sold for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Nassau's, pt. ii, No. 1003, 4*l.* 4*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 662, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Rhodes's, No. 1786, 9*l.* The present is a very fine copy, and is bound by Charles Lewis

In Russia, gilt leaves.

SHEPPARD, (S.) — Epigrams Theological, Philosophical, and Romantic. Six Books, Also the Socratick Session, or the

Arraignment and Conviction of Julius Scaliger with other Select Poems. By S. Sheppard.

London Printed by G. D. for Thomas Bucknell at the Signe of the Golden Lion in Duck Lane. 1651. Sm. 8vo, pp. 285.

After the very full and elaborate account by Mr. Park of this poetical volume, given in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 158, it will be only necessary to refer the reader to that publication for a descriptive statement of its contents. The work is written in a conceited and inflated style—with many classical allusions—and is valuable chiefly on account of its frequent references to contemporary poets and writers, and to the celebrated men of his day. The following specimens of his style are not unworthy of quotation :

Book 3. Epig. 13.

On a Lady Singing.

What Heavenly sounds inchant my eares,
 Passing the Musick of the Sphaeres?
 Me thinks I heare a Mellodie
 Better then Arions harmonie,
 The quavering of a well tun'd voyce
 Making a most Celestiall noise.
 Angel-like Quires that sing in Heaven,
 The Muses Nine, the Plannets Seven
 Staud still, and listning do admire
 These songs, equall t' Appollos Lyre.

Epig. 15.

Epitaph on Prince Henry.

Here lies Prince Henry, I dare say no more,
 Lest after times this sepuchre adore.

See also Epig. 17, Lib. "A Dialogue maintained by five, viz., the Poet, Clio, Povertie, Ignorance, Mammon," commencing thus :

Clio.

Hither direct thy steps, descend this Cave,
Castalia call'd here, thou a place shalt have
 To heare our Harmonie, here *Homer* sate,
 When he his high immortal *Illiads* wrote;

Here *Orpheus* penn'd his *Hymns*, here *Maro* sung
Æneas Travells with a golden tongue :
 Here *Pindar*, and *Anacreon* did devise
 Their *Odes*, which since none e're could equalize :
 Here *Flaccus*, *Naso*, *Spencer*, hath been seen,
 I help'd the last to frame his *Faerie Queen* :
 Here make thy selfe Immortall, taste this spring,
 Which will informe thee like some God to sing
 And though (perhaps) thou taste of some affliction,
 It shall be sweetned by our Benediction. &c., &c.

Epig. 19, Lib. 4, is also deserving of notice ; it contains

The Poets Invitation to Ben Jonson's Ghost to appeare again.

Reverend shade,
 Since last I made
 Survey of thee
 Meethinks I find
 A fresher mind
 To Poesie.

Most honoured Ben,
 Appeare agen,
 That so I may
 Embrace thy Ghost
 Although it cost
 My life's decay.

Sacred Spirit
 Whose boundlesse merit
 I adore,
 Upon thy Herse
 I'll drop a Verse
 And no more.

Thy Lawrell wreath
 Doth lie beneath
 Great Phœbus feet,
 He askes of thee
 Which way to be
 A God more great.

Thou Ben shalt be
 A Saint to me
 Each Verse I make,
 I'll censure it,
 By thy great Wit,
 If it partake.

The least of thine
 I will Divine
 It shall subsist
 Alas if not,
 The same I'll blot
 'Twil not be mist.

Sheppard, although he appears to have been a member of the sacred profession, must be considered, even for those days, as extremely licentious and coarse ; so much so, indeed, as to have occasioned the remarks of his friends, who "taxed his studies as incompatible with his profession," which called forth an answer from Sheppard in another publication, calted *Discoveries: or an Exploratian and Explication of some Enigmatical Verities*, 12mo, 1652. He was also a great plagiarist ; in proof of which the reader may compare the 42nd Epig., Lib. 3, "To Sir Alexander Wroth, of the most noble Order of the Garter, Knight, a Resolution to his Demand," &c., with

a passage from "The Battailles of Crescey and Poictiers," by Charles Aleyn, 12mo, 1633, beginning,

As Sarum's beauteous Countess in a dance
Her loosen'd garter unawares let fall, &c.

The whole idea being taken, word for word, from the latter work. Lib. 5, Epig. 28, "Epitaph on that excellently Learned young man Mr. Anthony Dyer," is also probably taken from some other author, the opening lines strongly resembling some I have read elsewhere. Lib. 6, Epig. 17, "In Memory of our Famous Shakespeare," is one of the most favourable specimens of Sheppard's abilities. This has been already quoted by Mr. Ellis in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, vol. iii, p. 322, and is also given among the commendatory verses prefixed to the works of our immortal dramatist.

At the close of the epigrams is "The Socratick Session," with a new title-page, and a dedication in prose to his friend James Yate Esquire. The volume concludes with "A Mausolean Monument, erected by a Sorrowfull Sonne over his Deceased Parents: With Three Pastorals," and the fragment of a fourth, "two of them alluding to some Late Proceedings between Parties," with another new title-page, and dedication to Christopher Clapham of Beamsley Esquire. In the third of these pastorals, the author alludes in a pleasing manner to Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Drayton, Sir John Harington, Daniel, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir John Suckling, and other writers of that day.

In the *Muses Cabinet*, by William Winstanley, 12mo, 1655, another vain and conceited writer, is the following complimentary tribute:

To Mr. Sheppard on his most excellent Epigrams.

Sheppard thou hast
Martial o're past,
Ansonius conquered;
Thou Harrington
Hast overcome
And Owen stricken dead.

These in their time
For wits the prime
Of poets counted were
But if to thee
Compar'd they be
We see they nothing are.

Then sit thee down
Whilst we do crown
Thy head with wreaths of bays,
The Muses nine
Do all combine
To warble forth thy praise.

Sheppard lived in the troublous times of Charles I., and was celebrated for his loyalty. He was the son of a Dr. Harman Sheppard, a physician, who died July 12, 1639, at the advanced age of 90 years, and of Petronella, his wife, who died September 10, 1650, upon whom he wrote funeral elegies. He is said by Oldys, in his manuscript notes on Langbaine, to have been imprisoned in Whittington Goal for writing a paper called "Mercurius Elencticus," to which circumstance of his life two of the epigrams appear evidently to allude, Lib. 5, Epig. 25, "A Frolick to Capt. Baines, the Poet being Prisoner (for his Loyalty) in Whittington Gaole." And Lib. 6, Epig. 16, "My Imprisonment in Whittington for writing Mercurius Elencticus." Sheppard wrote *The Times displayed in Six Sestiyade*, 4to, 1646, with a folding plate, which is quoted by Malone in his *Shakespeare*, vol. x, p. 187, and of which there is a copy in the British Museum; *The Year of Jubilee, or England's Releasement*, 4to, Lond, 1646; and *The Loves of Amandus and Sophronia*, 1650. He was also a dramatic writer, and published in two parts *The Committee-man curried, a Comedy presented to the view of all men. A Pie discovering the Corruption of Committee-men, and Excise-men; the unjust Sufferings of the Royal Party, &c., &c.*, 4to, Lond., 1647, in which Langbaine accuses him of great plagiarism from Sir John Suckling and Sir Robert Stapleton's translation of the first and third satires of *Juvenal*, and not without good foundation, for the greatest part of his play is taken in the most barefaced manner from those works. He is supposed also to have written *The Jocial Crew; or The Devill turn'd Ranter; being a Character of the roaring Ranters of these Times, represented in a Comedie, &c.*, 4to, Lond., 1651, and published anonymously.

Samuel Sheppard also wrote a long Poem entitled *The Fairie King fashioning Love and Honor in an Heroicall Heliconian Dresse*, the manuscript of which is in Rawlinson's collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. This work was written in imitation of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and the notice he gives of that poet is probably a better stanza than any to be found in his printed works.

Spencer the next, whom I doe thinke't no shame
 To imitate, if now his worke affords
 So vast a glory! O how faire a fame,
 Had hee not doated on exploded words,
 Had waited on him! Let his honour'd name
 Find veneration 'bove the Earth's great Lords!
 Great Princee of Poets, thou canst never die,
 Lodg'd in thy rare immortall history.

See Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 471; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 654; Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. iii, p. 322; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 705, where a copy is marked at 12*l.* 12*s.* A copy sold at Lloyd's sale, No. 1131, for 6*l.* The present one has the scarce engraved frontispiece, containing a portrait of the author sitting in an arm chair, presenting his book to Mercury in exchange for a crown of bays.

Bound in Russia.

SHIPTON, (WILLIAM.) — *Dia*, a Poem; To which is added *Love made Lovely*. By William Shipton. Published by a Friend.

Hæc dedit ut Pereant.

London, Printed for Charles Tyus, at the Signe of the Three Bibles on the middle of London-Bridge. 1659. Sm. 8vo.

This rare poetical volume is fully described by Mr. Park in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 215, from the present copy, which formerly belonged to him, and also in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 730, where it is said, "This is a production so rare, that besides the present copy (which was Dr. Farmer's) there is probably not more than another known." Besides the poems themselves, which are full of the most extravagant hyperbole and ridiculous conceit and obscurity, and a prose piece in the middle of the volume extending to sixty-five pages, called "*Cupid made to see, and Love made Lovely*," the introductory portion extends to thirty pages, comprising a dedication "*To the Truly Noble Edward Trotter Esquire*," an address to the Reader signed by himself, and commendatory verses by Jo. Cooke Gent. Aulæ Clar., and Richard Shipton. The dedication begins in the following affected style: "Honoured Sir, I must confesse, a better Artist should have scanned the *Jacobs-Ladder* of your favours,—a more famous *Archimedes* have taught his star-gazing eyes to feed on the Sunshine of your Courtiesies, for the meer folly of Presumption, degraded the Cream of the Creation from *Commencing Nobles* in that Cœlestiall *Athens*; And the high Element of perfection, where your Highnesse sits Enshrined, *Deity* is a Pitch above the sorage of my scarce-Penfeathered Muse, to fly without the strong ambition of *Eagles Wings*, whose Quick-sighted eye, no Comet-Ray can force to obliquity. Yet I fear not, Gemms never were *Sullied* for want of Cabinets, and Rosy-flowers find alwaies some engrafture. *Cæsar*

by chance came an Executor to *Virgills* Pœms, and if you can deny a courteous entertainment, a Grave-buriall may be had by any *Saxon*. *Mæcenæs Patronized* one from death, in the Living Monument of his breast, who himself said, 'Non tumultum quæro, sepelit Natura relictos.'" We cite a few stanzas from one of the poems, not for their poetic worth, but on account of the scarcity of the volume. The poem is entitled

Parnassus, or His Lady Dia's praise.

Let *Amorists* dote on
Chimara's feigned worth,
 Who sips up *Helicon*?
 A Lady's name sets forth:
 With a more noble shrine
 Then Deities that shine,
 In crimson Robes divino.

Who sees her beauty-rays,
 For's Ink, must Nectar quaffe;
 To reach the sublime layes,
 A Mathematick-staffe.
 The longest Pole of night
 Will serve but to indite;
 Above the common flight.

That we adore 'tis vain
 Those muses much admir'd:
 Who wants a high-pitcht strain;
 Even at her face's inspir'd.
 There couchant always lies
 Up-raisd Hyperbolies:
 Beyond a vulgar prize.

Sols pinions, if extract
 Made by a cherubs skill;
 As glorious as exact
 As is an Angell's quill.
 But fits enough to tell
 Each wondrous miracle,
 In superhumane spell.

Bright Legends of the Gods
 Those dignities t'unfold;
 At least would be at odds
 In registers of gold:
 I love a heavenly Lute
 To sing, men are a mute
 That is beyond dispute.

Those Hierarchy of maids
 Breathe to the star-fed skies
 From their Pierian rades
 But fond Tautologies.
 And 'tis a common face
 That wants a beauty-grace,
 As poor men Herauld's blaze.

A face so rich, so rare
 In Spiey-fragrant scents:
 Here's Alabaster-air
 There's th' perfum'd Orients.
 The rosy phoenix nest
 In Sabian odours drest
 Or flowrings of the east.

The Indies guilded were
 At her divine approach,
 When she's (brave flowers appear)
 In Summer's verdant Coach:
 Rude Satyres learn to trace
 Sweet welcoms in each place
 At her bay-browed face.

And Autumes dying crest
 Dismantled of all fame,
 Her rich-weaved robes invest,
 At th' echo of her name.
 All has an appetite,
 To relish the delight
 Of her desired sight.

We quote a few more lines from "May's Cabinet," containing an oft-repeated simile, not unpoetically expressed :

Thus th' early Lark, best Herauld of the day,
Summons up *Phebus* with her lovely lay,
When by her Angell-voyce she sings on high,
Her purer Mattins, to the purer skie.
Tho' wee poor sacrilegious men can't prize
The Anthem, 'tis her morning Sacrifice.
While wee in lethargy of sleep are drown'd,
She from her Rose-quilt bed with Lillies crown'd,
In *Flora's* gorgeous fields, betimes on wings
Her Orizons in brave Corran toes sings.
As doth my Dia in a Cherubs note
Her high-raisd ditties to the Heavens quote.

Besides the poems in praise of his Mistress Dia, after the prose portion of the volume occur elegies "On the death of his friend Thomas Shipton drowned"; "On the death of the most Heroick Lord Sheffield"; "On his honored Friend Mr. Robert Wilson, a Famed Musitian"; "On Gun-Powder Treason"; "On the death of the truly Noble"; and other pieces, together with a few letters, not deserving of notice.

Mr. Park, in a manuscript note in this volume, says, "Shipton's Dia is a production I have not traced in any poetical collection." And Mr. Heber remarks, "See a copy of this book (probably Coxeter's) in Osborne's *Cat.* for 1748, p. 321, No. 12,008. Possibly the present copy." This volume is the one which belonged to Dr. Farmer, at whose sale in 1798, No. 6594, it was purchased by Mr. Park. It was afterwards in the collection described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 730, from whence it was purchased in 1815 for 10*l.*, by Mr. Heber, and at his sale in 1834, pt. iv, No. 2368, it was again sold for 2*l.* 2*s.*, and shortly afterwards came into the hands of its present owner. The only other supposed copy known was sold at Mr. Hibbert's sale in 1829, No. 7404, for 2*l.* 2*s.* Since then another copy has occurred for sale, which was in the Strawberry Hill collection, No. 129 of the third day's sale.

Bound in Calf, neat.

SKELTON.

A Skeltonicall Salutation,
 Or condigne gratulation,
 And iust vexation
 Of the Spanish Nation,
 That in a brauado,
 Spent many a Crusado,
 In setting forth an Armado
 England to inuado.

Imprinted at London for Toby Cooke. 4to, blfa. lctt.

The above is the quaint title to this curious satire or pasquinade, written in commemoration of the signal defeat of the invincible (as it was termed) Spanish Armada, the author of which is unknown. That it was not Skelton is certain, that poet having died in 1529; nor, though written in imitation of his style, does it bear much resemblance to it beyond the form of metre. It is in *black letter*, and consists of eight leaves, without any dedication, address, or other title than what is given above. The "Skeltonicall Salutation" ends on the reverse of A 4, when a fresh poem is commenced, entitled "A Question annexed, touching our sea-fish, nourished with Spanish blood." This is finished on sig. B 2, and the remainder is occupied with a Latin Macaronic poem, addressed "Ad Regem Hispanum."

Cum tua non fuerint heroica facta Philippe,
 Risu digna cano earmine ridiculo.

The following are the concluding lines of the first poem :

Wherefore to be short
 I thee exhort,
 For thine owne comfort,
 If witte thou haue
 Thincke him a knaue
 That doth aduise
 Such an enterprise :
 For in this cause
 Our Faith and Lawes,
 We will sell our liues,
 Our landes, and wiues,
 Too deere for thee,
 When socuer it be,

And ere it be long,
 Make thee sing a song
 Of *O si sciuissem*,
Me continuissem,
Et non fecissem.
 But now Pope blisse him,
 And Mydas kisse him,
 And so I dismisse him
 To his good Phisition
 Master Inquisition,
 By whose disposition
 He taketh the diet,
 That will him disquiet

And turne up-side downo
 (Which would make a man frowne)
 Both kingdome and crowne,
 And fame and renowne,
 And so, sirs, *valet*.
Et vobis caute,
A medicis ignaris.
Chirurgis auaris
Meretrice Romana
Insulsa et insana,
Et factione Guisiana.
 Except you be so expert

That you can conuert
 At your own pleasure
 Which were a great treasure,
 The Lutheran seas,
 Which doe you displease,
 To be of your faction
 And ioyne in your action,
 Or some way can finde
 To master the winde
 That it be to your minde.
 And then *regnate*
Et præ gaudio cacate
Per omnia monasteria monachorum.

The Latin poem commences thus:

Qui Regis Hispanos
 Superbos, et vanos,
 Crudeles, et insanos,
 Multum aberrasti
 Cum tuos animasti,
 Et bellum inchoasti
 Contra Anglos animosos.
 Fortes, et bellicosos,
 Nobiles, et generosos,
 Qui te excitavit
 Procul dubio deliravit,
 Et te fascinavit.
 Nam omnes sperabant
 Qui te amabant
 Ideoque iuvabant,
 Multum te valere
 Viribus et ære,
 Hisque respondere
 Animum generosum,
 Caput tuum annosum,
 Et pectus animosum.
 Sed nunc cernentes,
 Et conspicientes,

Licet dolentes,
 Omnes tuas capios
 Redactas ad inopias,
 Migrasse ad Vtopias,
 Stupent, et mirantur,
 Plurimum vexantur,
 Et penè exanimantur.
 At Angli et Germani,
 Qui sunt Antibispani,
 Et omnes mente sani,
 De tuâ ruinâ
 Quâ poenâ divinâ,
 Turbaris ad ima,
 Valde lætantur,
 Et exhilarantur,
 Sibi gratulantur,
 Quod stultitia detecta,
 VI tua rejecta,
 Et re infecta
 Ignominiam nactus,
 Es in fugam actus
 Et funditus fractus.

This work is mentioned by Mr. Park, with an extract from it, in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 18. See also Dibd. *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 280. Mr. Dyce, in the third appendix to his edition of Skelton's Works, vol. i, p. cxxvi, containing extracts from pieces which are written in the metre

called *Skeltonical*, has likewise given some quotations from this poem. In Farmer's *Catalogue*, No. 7205, it is mentioned as being printed at Oxford, by Barnes, 1589, 4to, and sold for 1*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley, pt. iv, No. 596, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Inglis, No. 1357, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Freeling, No. 2069, 2*l.*

The present copy belonged to John Broadley, Esq., of Kirkella, at whose sale it was purchased by Mr. Heber, from whose collection it was obtained.

Bound by Lewis. Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

SMALLE, (PETER.)—MANS May or a Moneths Minde: Wherein the libertie of mans minde is compared to the Moneth of May.
By Peter Smalle Batchelour in the Lawes.

Cerne quod insidiæ sacris a vatibus absunt
Et facit ad mores ars quoq: nostra bonos.

London Printed by George Purslowe, for Samuel Rand, and are to be sold at his Shop neere Holborne bridge. 1615.
4to, pp. 26.

Of this extremely rare poem we know of no other copy than the present, formerly in the Roxburghe and Jolley collections, in which last, pt. iv, No. 868, it sold for 14*l.* 14*s.*, and one in the rich collection of early English poetry in the Bodleian library. It is dedicated by the author, in verse, "To the Right Worshipfull his most louing good friend Sir Henry Blomar of Hatherup in the County of Gloucester, Knight," two six-line stanzas, then a single stanza

Ad Eundem.

To you in whom the Graces haue their dwelling
In whom the Muses make their mansion;
That are for Learning, and for Art exelling,
For sweet conceit, and sharpe inuention,
To you I send this infant Muse of mine
To whom true iudgement doth her seate resign.

And lastly, addresses "To all Gentlemen Students and Schollars," and "To the Reader the Authors Resolution," both in verse. In these he speaks of his "infant muse," and of this being his "first fruits," so that we may con-

clude they were written during his early youth. Whether he abandoned these lighter pursuits for the more grave and severe study of the law, or whether he wrote any other poems, we are unable to say, but we are not aware of any other work of his being now extant.

The poem is written in the form of a satire, and treats of the vices and hypocrisy of men — of the value of time and of its waste — the abuse of our liberty and other subjects, and is not without merit. The lines are clear and forcible, and would almost seem to shew the pen of a practised writer. The following description of the joyous month of May is rather poetical, and will bear quotation :

May may be fitly tearm'd (in my opinion)
 The Mistris of the Moneths, and Natures Minion :
May Natures beauty, beautifying Nature,
May Natures ioy, delighting euery creature ;
 All Natures Impes, she trimmes with colours gay,
 And glories her rich beauty to display,
 Decking the bosome of the Earth with flowers,
 Nose-gayes for Ladies and their Paramours.
 In *May* the little buddes do sprout, and spring,
 In *May* the little Birds do chirpe and sing :
 In *May* the earth is clad in gaudy greene
 To entertaue and welcome Sommers Queene.
 The Winde doth whistle Musicke to the leaues,
 They dancee for ioy, thus eu'ry thing receiues
 Pleasure by *Mayes* approach, and true content,
 And doth reioyce with generall consent,
 And striue (in emulation) who shall be
 Most richly clad in Natures liuery,
 To entertaine the Paragon of Time,
 Each thing is in his chiefeest pomp and prime.
 But amongst all that multitude and eboyce,
Ceres, and old *Syluanus* most reioyce
 Shee in a kirtle, he a coat of greene,
 He like a Forrester, she like a Queene
 And faire Queene *Flora*, th'ornament of bowers,
 Clad in a gowne embroidered all with flowers,
 Is not the last that with a ioyfull cheere,
 Doth entertaine this Minion of the yeere
 Some *May* in time, some *May*, before *May* come,
 Some neuer *May*, some make their *May* in *June* ;
 Take *May* while *May* is ; for it hath his date,
 When *May* is gone thou climb'st the Tree too late

Nay whilst *May* lasts, we do bestow it ill,
 According not to wisdome, but our will;
 (Our wicked will) which makes the world to be
 So full of sinne, and all iniquitie.

The remainder of the poem is chiefly taken up with the reflections on the use and abuse of time, and the work concludes on Sig. D 1 with the following remarks on our proneness in imitating the habits and fashions of other nations :

How idly do they spend their time, mans treasure,
 In spending it on vanity and pleasure,
 On gay apparell, following every fashion
 And imitating (Ape-like) every nation?
 Some-times the French, some-times the Spanish hatte,
 Some-times the crowne is sharp, some-times tis flat,
 Some-times a deepe starcht ruffle doth stiffly stand
 Some-times a little narrow falling band,
 Some-times their doublets doe but case the skinne,
 Some-times they thrust a pound of bombaste in.
 Some-times their hose are streight, some-times th'are wide,
 O the Mindes folly, and the bodies pride!
 Pride will be fine, or she her goodes will pawne
 Her painted Chariot is with Peacocks drawne,
 Pride looks aloft, still staring on the starres,
 Yet some-times into want (at vnawares).
 She falles, and then what other doth betide
 But Pouerty? the iust reward of Pride.
 Mans soule hath reason, and his sence hath will,
 The one doth counsaile good, the other ill:
 Reason doth shew us vertues, gifts and graces,
 Will shew vs pleasures, which the flesh imbraces.
 Proud sinfull flesh, the prison of the soule,
 That dares his heauenly Goddesses to controule:
 Whose will a weede in fairest garden growne,
 Choakes all the sweetest flowers by nature sowne,
 Nay sowne by God, till in the spring of *May*,
 The great'st Creator both of Night and Day,
 First Gard'ner planted Man, the first liue clay,
 To make in *Eden* an eternall *May*:
 But there it dyed: and there my muse shall rest.
 And am I not 'mong Satyres chiefly blest,
 That end so well in passing ouer vice,
 That I shall make an end in Paradise?

Concerning the writer of this poem, we are unable to supply our readers with any information, his name not occurring in any sources that are accessible to us. There is generally the greatest difficulty in recovering even the

lightest particulars respecting the obscure writers of this period, and it is by the merest accident that any information can be obtained, unless their names happen to be recorded by such writers as Ant. Wood. The work does not appear to be in any of our public libraries.

In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

SMITHSON, (SAMUEL).—The Figure of Nine. Containing these Nine Observations, Wits, Fits, and Fancies, Jests, Jibes, and Quiblets, with Mirth, Pastime, and Pleasure.

The Figure of Nine to you I here present
Hoping thereby to give you all content.

London, Printed for J. Deacon, and C. Dennison, at their Shops at the Angel in Guiltspur-street, and at the Stationers Arms within Aldgate. *n. d.* Sm. 8vo.

These "Figures" seem to have issued from the press in great numbers during the first half of the seventeenth century, some of them being written by Martin Parker and other ballad-mongers of the time, all very much resembling each other, and partaking of the character of the common chap book. They were for the most part published anonymously, though some of them, the Figures of Five and Seven for instance, have Parker's initials, and in the present case we have the full name of the author. *The Figure of Nine* consists of eight leaves, the title being succeeded by "The Epistle to the Reader," sixteen lines in verse, signed Samuel Smithson. The chief portion of the book is in prose, concluding with a song entitled "Good counsel in bad times. The tune is Old Simon the King," which is called a "Sonnet," but is in seven octave verses with a chorus or repetition. The whole is of a coarse and indelicate nature, and will scarcely admit of quotation. A curious collection of these rare tracts from the Figure of Three to the Figure of Seven, that of Four containing three parts, was sold in Mr. Heber's Library, pt. iv, No. 721, for 4*l.* 1*s.* They appear to have been frequently reprinted. The present is one of the rarest of the series, and we are not aware of any other copy than this. Even the name of the author is quite unknown to all previous bibliographers.

Bound by Bedford,

In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

SMITH, (JUD.)—A misticall deuise of the spiritual and godly loue betwene Christ the spouse, and the Church or Congregation. Firste made by the wise Prince Salomon, and now newly set forth in verse by Jud Smith. Wherunto is annexed certeine other brieft stories. And also a Treatise of Prodigallitie most fit and necessarie for to be read and marked of all estates.

Imprinted at London by Henry Kirckham, and are to be solde at his Shoppe, at the little northe doore of Paules, at the signe of the Black Boie. 1575. Sm. 8vo, pp. 32, blkt. lttt.

The present very early metrical version of Solomon's Song is unnoticed by Ames, Herbert or Dibdin, and is of such rarity, that we believe no other copy than the present is known. The title is followed by a short prose address of two pages to the Christian Reader by John Wharton, a puritanical schoolmaster and writer of poetry, who was the author of "Whartons Dreame; conteyninge an Inuective against certaine abhominable Caterpillars, as vsurers, extorcioners, leas-mongers and such others, confounding their diuellysh sectes by the authoritie of holy Scripture," 1578, 4to, black ltttr. A ballad entitled "Whartons Follie," licensed July 26, 1576, and "Wartons Novell," licensed to Henry Kirckham, April 21, 1577, were probably the production of the same writer. The address thus commences:

In perusing this little volume intituled, A misticall deuise, being requested of my frend therunto, I did fynde such a pleasantnes therein, that my hart reioyced and gaue du signes what pleasure and delight my minde of it conceiued. For surely (gentle Reder) if thou coult to heare anye olde bables, as I may terme them, or stale tales of Chauser, or to learne howe Acteon came by his horned head? If thy mynde be fixed to any such metamorphocall toyes, this booke is not apt nor fit for thy purpose. But if thou art contrarywise bent, to heare, or to read holosome documentes, as it becometh all Christians, then take this same: For thou shalt fynde it sweeter, (as the Prophet sayeth) then the honye or the honye combe. For Salomon had great delite in the makinge of these, to reereat and reuue his spirits, and called them by this name *Canticum Canticorum*, whyche is to saye: the song of songs.

The "misticall deuise" occupieth ten pages, and contains a metrical version of the fifth and sixth chapters only of Solomon's Song, written in a feeble and prosaic manner. To this succeeds, in verse also, "A coppie of the Epistle that Jeremy sent unto the Jewes, which were led away Prisoners by the King of Babilon, wherein he certifieth them of the thinges

which were commaunded him of God." This also extends to ten pages, and is thus closed, "The ende of the Prophesie of Baruch. Finis. Jud Smyth. Babes beware of Images." Then follow "The commaundements of God our Creator geuen by Moyses. Exod. xx." A paraphrase on the ten commaundements in four-line verses—one leaf—and another with texts from scripture, bearing upon the observance of the law. The two concluding leaves contain a sort of parody on the preceding, "The commaundements of Sathan, put in practise dayly by the Pope"—and a leaf of texts from scripture—with a repetition of the colophon as given above. A very short extract from this volume, whose chief recommendation is its extreme rarity, will be sufficient to satisfy our readers.

The voice of the Sinagog speaking to the churche.

Whither is thy loue, thou sweete
departed, do declare:
For we to seeke him out with thee,
do nothing meane to spare.

The voice of the Church.

My loue is to his garden gone
as he hath thought it meete:
For to refreshe himselfe among
the smelling beddes so sweete
And there he gathereth goodly flours
although he syllye is:
He is myne, and his am I
which fedeth with the Lillies.

Christe to the churche.

Thou art pleasant, O my loue
yea louely art thou sure:
As faire as is Hierusalem
whose bewtie doth endure.
Thou art as glorious, O my loue
as I would wishe to haue.
And as an armie is of men
with all their Banners braue.
Tourne away thyne eyes from me
to make my body shrowde
For when as I do looke on them
they make me to be prowde.

Watson had evidently not seen this little work, as he makes no allusion to it in his enumeration of the various English versions of the Song of

Solomon written in the sixteenth century, in the fourth volume of his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, p. 141, 8vo edition. Mr. Park seems to have been the first person who noticed this poem from the present copy, which formerly belonged to him. See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 376. See also *Select Poetry chiefly Devotional of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, published by the Parker Society in 1845, vol. ii, p. 516, for some extracts from it furnished by the present editor. Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 383, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 950, where this copy was estimated at 20*l.* It sold at Midgley's sale, No. 644, for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, and in Jolley's do., pt. iii, for 17*l.*

Half bound in Green Morocco.

SORROWES IOY. Or, A Lamentation for our late deceased
Soveraigne Elizabeth, with a triumph for the prosperous
succession of our gracious King, James, &c.

Printed by Iohn Legat, Printer to the Vniuersitie of
Cambridge. 1603. 4to.

In these poetical contributions from the University of Cambridge on the death of Queen Elizabeth, and the accession of James, the names of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Theophilus Field, Bishop of Hereford, Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, and others of eminence occur, who afterwards distinguished themselves by their poetical or literary talents. The following are the names or initials subscribed to each of the poems in this collection. 1. Six Sonnets signed I. G. 2. "Englands farewell," Ri. Parker, Caigon. 3. Tho. Goodrick. S. I. Coll. (two sets.) 4. Anonymous. 5. Tho. Byng (three sets.) 6. Thomas Bradburie. 7. "Upon the day of our Queens death and our King's proclamation." R. B. Pemb. 8. I. G. T. C. Cant. 9. "Two Epitaphs upon our late Soveraigne." Effudit Theophilus Field. Aul. Pembroch. Cantab. 10. Henrie Campion. Colleg: Emanuel. 11. "A stay-griefe for English men, with a motion to the Pope, and English Papists." And, "A motive in Hexameters." L. G. 12. Th. Milles. Cler. 13. G. F. Aul. Trin. 14. "Singultiantes lusus." I. Bowle. T. C. 15. Thomas Cecill: Coll. Johan: 16. "A Canto upon the death of Eliza." G. Fletcher Trinit: 17. "A deprecation of our usuall lapse in speech bred by the long fruition of our blessed late Soveraigne." T. G.

Regalis. 18. Edw. Kellet, Regalis. 19. Phin. Fletcher, Regalis. 20. "Nullo godimento senza dolore non dimeno dopo godimento." E. L. Aul. Char. devotiss. 21. Tho. Walkington. S. I. Coll. 22. "An Epitaph upon the death of our late gracious and dread Soueraigne Elizabeth Queene of Englande, &c." I. Iones, iun. Soc. Pemb.

We quote from these a short poem "To the King his Maiestie" by Tho: Byng, which contains a reference to that Monarch's Poem of Lepanto printed in his *Poetical Exercises* in 1591, 4to.

Is any penne so rich in poetrie,
As to pourtray thy matchlesse maiestie?
Can mortall wight conceit thy worthines,
Which fills the worlds capacious hollownes,
Lo then the man which the Lepanto writ;
Or he, or els on earth is no man fit.
Request him then, that he would thee commend
Els nev'r thy worth may worthily be penn'd.
And yet, for all his royall eloquence,
Scarce may he figure forth thy excellence.

In the following extract from "A Canto upon the death of Eliza" by Giles Fletcher, which possesses much of his rich and luxuriant style, and is one of the most favourable specimens in the volume, the reader will recognize an allusion to the early and well-known fable of the nightingale and the thorn so frequently introduced by our poetical writers, and the origin of which can hardly be traced.

Tell me sad Philomele, that yonder sit'st
Piping thy songs vnto the dauncing twig,
And to the waters fall thy musicke fit'st
So let the friendly prickle neuer digge
Thy watchfull breast with wound or small or bigge
Whereon thou leau'st, so let the hissing snake
Sliding with shrinking silence neuer take
Th' vnwarie foote, whilst thou perhaps hang'st halfe awake.
So let the loathed lapwing when her nest
Is stol'ne away, not as shee vses, flie,
Cousening the searcher of his promis'd feast:
But widdow'd of all hope still *Itis* erie,
And nought but *Itis Itis*, till shee die.
Say sweetest querister of the airie quire
Doth not thy *Tereu, Tereu*, then expire,
When winter robs thy house of all her greene attire?

Tell me ye velvet headed violets
 That fringe the crooked banke with gawdie blew
 So let with comely grace your prettie frets
 Be spread, so let a thousand *Zephyrs* sue
 To kisse your willing heads that seeme t'eschew

Their wanton touch with maiden modestie,
 So let the siluer dewe but lightly lie
 Like little watrie worlds within your azure skie.

So when your blazing leaues are broadly spread
 Let wandring nymphes gather you in their lapps,
 And send you where Eliza lieth dead,
 To strew the sheete that her pale bodie wraps.
 Aie me, in this I enuie your good haps:

Who would not die, there to be buried?

Say if the sunne denie his beames to shedde
 Vpon your liuing stalkes, grow you not withered?

* * * * *

The sunne in mourning cloudes inuolop'd
 Flew fast into the westerne world to tell
 Newes of her death. Heauen itselfe sorrowed
 With teares that to the earthes danke bosome fell:
 But when the next Aurora gan to deale

Handfuls of roses fore the teame of day

A shepherd droue his flocke, by chance that way
 And made the nymph to daunce that mourned yesterday.

G. Fletcher Trinit.

At the end of the volume on a separate leaf are the ensuing metrical lines in the autograph of the composer Ro: Woodes, apparently written at the time:

per me Ro. Woodes:

vt vidi vt perij. Sie me malus abstulit error.

Since none but Egles gaze vpon the Sunn
 Without offence or hurt vnto their eye
 I wish my selfe an egles might becom
 Or being not, might not aspire so high.

In quondam Mariam sic olim.

'Twas some impairing to thy fame
 That men gaue thee so short a name:
 Mary, thy name might wel haue beene
 If set the rose and gold betweene.
 For fined gold thy worth doth shew,

And blushing rose thy bewteous hue.
 But Mary soundeth bitternesse,
 Nor doth the rose alone expresse
 Thy worth: No, nor the finest gold,
 Though in mens thoughts so much extol'd,
 Nor Marygold though lovely faire
 Nor rosemary of virtue rare:
 Not one of these, nor two can doe it,
 Thy name must haue them al come to it:
 Thus had they cal'd thee as they should
 Thy name had beene Rosemary gold.

To the present fine copy of this very scarce volume there is also added the engraved representation of the monumental effigy of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Bindley's copy, pt. iii, No. 1986, sold for 4*l.* 5*s.*, one in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 684, is priced at 15*l.* 15*s.*; Midgley's do., No. 727, sold for 4*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's do., pt. iv., No. 2618, for 2*l.* 18*s.*; Rice's do., No. 771, 1*l.* 2*s.*; Skegg's do., No. 609, for 5*l.* This was the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* and Midgley's collection, and is the same as the present copy.

The last poem, by I. Iones jun., was reprinted by Mr. Nichols in the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii, p. 651, and the rest of the work, with the exception of this poem, in the *Progresses of King James the First*, vol. i, p. 1.

Fine copy. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

SOOTHERN, (JOHN.) — Pandora. The Musyque of the beautie of his Mistresse Diana. Composed by John Soothern Gentleman, and dedicated to the ryght honorable Edward Deuer, Earle of Oxenforde, &c.

Imprinted at London for Thomas Hackette, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Lumbert streete, under the Popes head. 1584. 4to, blkt. lctt.

Of this exceedingly rare and singular collection of poems, only one perfect copy is known to exist, which formerly belonged to Mr. Heber (see *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, 2609), and is now in the very choice and valuable library

of Mr. Christie Miller at Britwell, Bucks. And the only other imperfect copy known besides the present is the one in the Capel collection in Trinity College Library at Cambridge, which, like the one before us, wants the title-page. An account of this most conceited, pedantic and wretched production, was published in the *European Mag.* for June, 1788, p. 389, probably by Mr. Beloe, to which some additions were made in November of the same year, p. 384, by Sir William Musgrave and the editor. Mr. Steevens, to whom this copy formerly belonged, has not only inserted in it these accounts from the *Magaz.*, but has been at great trouble in collecting some further information respecting the work and its author, and we cannot perhaps do better in our notice of this volume than to transcribe from it his *MS.* annotation :

“The title-page to the following poems is wanting, but from their author’s levity, pertness, unbounded vanity, perpetual introduction of French words and phrases, unadopted by contemporary writers of this country, from his French mode of spelling and sounding English, his proper names with French terminations, and especially from his calling Ronsard ‘our old Ronsard of France,’ his ability to compose stanzas and quodrans in the French language, the epithet *rude*, which he bestows on us as a people, and his insolent observations at the end of one of his Odes, *non careo patria, me caret illa magis*, I cannot help supposing this Soothern to have been a native of France, perhaps a refugee, admitted as a secretary, a tutor, or for some other purpose, into the family of the Earl of Oxford. Being thus domesticated, he might easily obtain confidential transcripts of the Epitaphs written by the wife of his Patron and Queen Elizabeth. That particular one composed by a British Monarch, on a Princess of his own nation, would naturally have struck his vanity as a performance worth being preserved. I much suspect that Soothern was no other than some French name translated into a corresponding English one, and spelt erroneously *Le Sud*, or *Sudaine*, might have been his genuine distinction.

“The extreme rareness of this collection (for only the following copy of it is known) induces me to think it had been suppressed immediately on its first appearance, either because it exhibited verses which the Countess never meant for the public: or through fear that her Majesty might have been displeased at the circulation of her poetry. She is known indeed to have been once offended on a similar account. Had the age the Earl of Oxford lived in, been an age of delicacy, we could also have figured to ourselves his disgust at the gross and inartificial flattery of Soothern.

His Lordship might therefore have forbidden any wider display of it in print. In consequence of such prohibition, the book of course would have been stifled before many copies of it escaped into the world. The Nobleman who had been complimented in elegant Latinity by Watson, our best sonnetter, could not have delighted much in the pie-bald, pseudo English prose of this wretched Rhymester who calls himself Soothern."

Red Morocco extra, gilt edges.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.) — Saint Peters Complaint. With other Poemes.

London. Imprinted by John Wolfe. 1595. 4to, pp. 76.

"Never," says our old English critic Edmund Bolton, "must be forgotten St. Peters Complaint, and those other serious poems said to be Father Southwell's." Never indeed can anyone rise from the perusal of his sad and mournful strains without being irresistibly subdued by the melancholy tinge which pervades all his poetry, foreboding as it were the painful circumstances and tragical events of his life. Southwell lived at an unfortunate period, when the controversies on the subjects of religion and politics ran exceedingly high, and the followers of the old faith, as it was called, were exposed to many hardships and privations. And although the stability of the throne, and even its very existence, threatened as it was by the secret plots and conspiracies of its enemies, might at times compel the government to resort to measures of hardness and severity — yet the lot of Southwell seems to have been peculiarly cruel and severe. Born a gentleman — endued with a powerful and cultivated mind — of a grave and serious turn as became his profession, and possessed of much religious fervour (although unfortunately directed in the wrong bias), his lot in his own country was most unfortunate. Living in a state of seclusion and secrecy, almost of banishment, in his native land, for nearly eight years: treated when committed to the tower in the most cruel and barbarous manner: kept a prisoner there for nearly three years, and, during that period, put to the rack no less than ten times, it was no wonder that, tortured in the body, and heart-broken in mind, he wrote to Cecil that he might be brought upon his trial to answer for himself, and thus to have his miseries ended. Even in his death the same cruel fate pursued him:

owing to the unskilfulness of the executioner, his sufferings were unusually prolonged. From the tone of fervent piety, and genuine religious feelings, the excellent sentiments, and deep moral pathos which everywhere pervade his writings, so totally in contrast with many—indeed most of the unprincipled and licentious writers of that period, we cannot help lamenting his sad and tragical end, and believing him to have been deserving of a better fate.

The melancholy life of Southwell adds a great interest to his works, and we never could read any of his pure and eloquent poems without feeling a deep concern for his cruel and unfortunate destiny. There is a charm and pathos in his effusions which interest the mind in favour of the writer, and transport the reader from the cares and vanities of the present world to the purer and more lasting joys of another and a better scene.

The neglect which his writings have received since his death is quite unaccountable, until the public attention was first revived towards them by Mr. Waldron some sixty years ago, who reprinted some portions of his poems, and since then successively by Park, Headley, Ellis, Haslewood, Sir Egerton Brydges, and others, who have done much to rescue this excellent writer from the undeserved oblivion into which he had fallen.

The principal poem of *St. Peter's Complaint*, although probably written some years earlier, was not published till after his death in 1595. The present is the first edition of this poem, which was several times reprinted. The title is within a neat woodcut border, with the printer's device in the centre of the page, and the work commences with a prose epistle inscribed "The Authour to his louinge Cosen," in which he says, that he "has heere laid a few course threads together, to inuite some skilfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece, wherein it may be seene how well verse and vertue sute together." This is followed by two poetical addresses, the first consisting of three, the second of four six-line stanzas from "The Author to the Reader." The poem of *St. Peter's Complaint* is in stanzas of six lines each, the favourite measure of the author, and extends to the thirty-fourth page. The remainder of the volume is filled with several short poems, the titles of which have been correctly enumerated by Mr. Haslewood in the second vol. of *Cens. Liter.*, pp. 70-1, with the exception of one on p. 51, which is omitted by him, entitled "Losse in delaies," but which is quoted by Mr. Markland, omitting only the fifth and sixth stanzas, at the commencement of the same article in the *Cens. Liter.* Although portions of the poems of this writer are now accessible to readers

in modern form, I am induced to quote a few stanzas from *St. Peter's Complaint* as specimens of Southwell's style and religious fervour, the subject of the passage being from *St. Luke* xxij, 61, on the look which our Saviour gave to Peter on his denial of him.

O sacred eyes, the springs of living light,
The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell :
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight
Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell ?
But those vnspotted eies encountred mine,
As spotlesse Sunne doth on the dounghill shine.

Sweet volumes stoarde with learning fit for Saints,
Where blisfull quires imparadize their minds,
Wherein eternall studie neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds,
How endlesse is your laberinth of blisse,
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is ?

Ah wretch how oft haue I sweet lessons read
In those deare eyes the registers of truth ?
How oft haue I my hungrie wishes fed
And in their happie ioyes redress'd my ruth ?
Ah that they now are Heralds of disdaine :
That erst were euer pittiers of my paine.

You flames diuine that sparkle out your heats
And kindle pleasing fires in mortall hearts :
You neetared Aumbryes of soule feeding meates
You gracefull quiuers of loues decreest darts :
You did vouchsafe to warme, to wound, to feast
My cold, my stony, my now famishde brest.

The matchles eies match'd onely each by other,
Were pleasde on my ill matched eyes to glaunce :
The eye of liquid pearle, the purest mother,
Broch'de teares in mine to weepe for my mischance :
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treasure,
And did to my misdeede their mercies measure.

These blasing comets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming influence to know :
My frozen hart their sacred force did proue,
Which at their lookes did yeeld like melting snow,
They did not ioyes in former plentie earue,
Yet sweet are crumbs where pined thoughts do starue.

* * * * *

O Pooles of *Hesebon*, the bathes of grace,
 Where happie spirits diue in sweet desires :
 Where Saints reioyce to glasse their glorious face,
 Whose bankes make *Eccho* to the Angels quires :
 An *Eccho* sweeter in the sole rebound,
 Then Angels musicke in the fullest sound.

O eies, whose glaunces are a silent speech,
 In ciphred words high misteries disclosing :
 Which with a looke all sciences can teach,
 Whose textes to faithfull harts need little glosiug :
 Witnesse vnworthy I who in a looke,
 Learnd more by rote, then all the scribes by booke.

O *Bethalem* cisternes, *Dauids* most desire
 From which my sinnes like fierce *Philistines* keepe,
 To fetch your drops what champions should I hire,
 That I therein my withered heart may steepe.
 I would not shed them like that holy king,
 His were but tipes, these are the figured thing.

O turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke,
 Vpon the margin of full flowing bankes :
 Whose gracefull plume surmounts the finest silke,
 Whose sight enamoreth heauens most happie ranks
 Could I forswear this heauenly paire of doutes,
 That eag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Twice *Moses* wand did strike the stubborne rocke
 Ere stony veynes would yeeld their christall blood :
 Thy eyes, one looke seru'd as an onely knoecke,
 To make my hart gush out a weeping flood.
 Wherein my sinnes as fishes spawne their frye,
 To shew their inward shames, and then to dye.

* * * * *

Like solest Swan that swimmes in silent deepe,
 And neuer sings but obsequies of death,
 Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weepe,
 In suing pardon, spend thy periur'd breath.
 Attire thy soule in sorrowes mourning weed :
 And at thine eies let guiltie conscience bleed.

Still in the limbeck of thy dolefull breast,
 These bitter fruits that from thy sinnes do grow :
 For fuel, selfe accusing thoughts be best,
 Vse feare, as fire the coales let pennance blow :
 And seeke noue other quintessence but teares,
 That eyes may shed what entred at thine eares

Come sorrowing teares, the offspring of my griefe,
 Scant not your parent of a needfull aide:
 In you I rest, the hope of wish'de relief,
 By you my sinnefull debts must be defraide.
 Your power preuailes, your sacrifice is gratefull,
 By loue obtayning life to men most hatefull.

O beames of mercy beat on sorrowes cloude,
 Powre suppling showres vpon my parched ground:
 Bring forth the fruite to your due service rowde,
 Let good desires with like deserts be crownde.
 Water young blooming vertues tender flower,
 Sinne did all grace of riper growth deuour,

Weepe Balme and mirrhe you sweet Arabian trees
 With purest gummes perfume and pearle your eyne:
 Shed on your hony drops, you busie bees,
 I barraine plaint must weep vnpleasant bryne,
 Hornets I hieue, salt drops their labour plies,
 Suckt out of sinne, and shed by showing eies.

We now quote a portion of one of the smaller poems, called "Content and rich," which well expresses the simplicity and humility of the author's mind, and his total freedom from all love of worldly things.

Content and rich.

I dwell in graces courte.	My wishes are but few,
Enrichde with vertues rights:	All easie to fulfill:
Faith, guides my wit: loue, leades my will:	I make the limites of my power
Hope, all my mind delights.	The bondes vnto my will.
In lowly vales I mounthe	I have no hopes but one,
To pleasures highest pitch:	Which is of heauenly raigue:
My seely shrowde true honour brings,	Effects attaine, or not desir'd,
My poor estate is rich.	All lower hopes refraine.
My conscience is my crowne	I feele no care of coyne
Contented thoughts, my rest:	Weldoing is my welth:
My hart is happie in it selfe:	My minde to me an empire is:
My blisse is in my brest.	While grace affordeth health.
Enough, I reckon welth:	I clippe high clymyng thoughts
A meane, the surest lot,	The winges of swelling pride:
That lies too high, for base contempt:	Their fall is worst that from the height
Too low, for enuies shot.	Of greatest honor slide.

I enuie not their happe,
 Whome fauour doth aduance:
 I take no pleasure in their paine,
 That haue lesse happie chance.

To rise by others fall,
 I deeme a loosing gaine:
 All states with others ruines built,
 To ruine runne amaine.

No chaunge of fortunes calmes,
 Can cast my comforts downe:
 When fortune smiles, I smile to thinke,
 How quickly shee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
 She proues an angrie foe:
 Smale gaine I found to let her come,
 Lesse losse to let her goe.

The following stanzas, entitled "*Losse in delaies*," are written in a more lively strain, and will conclude our extracts from this volume of Southwell's Muse:

Losse in delaies.

Shun delaies, they breede remorse:
 Take thy time, while time doth serue thee,
 Creeping Snailles haue weakest force;
 Flie their fault least thou repent thee:
 Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoise up saile, while gale doth last;
 Tide and wind stay no mans pleasure:
 Seeke not time, when time is past,
 Sober speede is wisdomes leasure:
 After wits are dearely bought,
 Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
 Take thou hold upon his forehead,
 When he flies he turnes no more,
 And behinde his scalpe is naked,
 Workes adiourn'd haue many staves,
 Long demurres breede new delaies.

* * * *

Droppes doe pearse the stubborn flint,
 Not by force but often falling:
 Custome kills with feeble dint,
 More by use then strength preuailing.
 Single sandes haue little waight,
 Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigges are bent with ease,
 Aged trees doe breake with bending:
 Young desires make little prease,
 Grongth doth make them past auending.
 Happie man that soone doth knocke,
 Bable babes against the rocke.

For an elaborate account of this amiable and unfortunate poet, one of the numerous victims sacrificed to the bigotted feeling and cruel necessity of the age, when religion was made the outward pretext for the commission of every species of atrocious crime, see the *Gent. Mag.* for Nov. 1798, vol. lxviii, p. 933, where his different works are enumerated by Mr. Park. See also an excellent account of the author and his works in the *Retrospect*, vol. iv, p. 267; a long article by Mr. Haslewood in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 64; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, fol. 261, note (where see Dr. Bliss's note concerning the mistake Wood had made in attributing these poems to John Davies); Dodd's *Cath. Church Hist.*; Challoner's *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, vol. i, p. 324; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, pp. 99, 143; Campbell's *Specim.*, vol. ii, p. 162; Sir E. Brydges' *Archaica*, vol. i, pt. iii; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 199; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 304; Headley's *Devouties Eng. Poet.*; Hallam's *Introd. Lit. Hist.*, vol. ii, p. 311; the reprint of *St. Peter's Complaint*, by Jos. Walter, in which is a sketch of the author's life; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 672, &c. This last work, which is rich in editions of Southwell's poems, had not, however, the present, but the following one printed in the same year, which is there by mistake called the first edition, although in reality it is the second. All the early editions are now become exceedingly scarce, and Mr. Ellis says, "It is remarkable, that the few copies which are now known to exist, are the remnant of at least twenty-four different editions, of which eleven were printed between 1593 and 1600." There is a copy of this edition in the library of Jesus College, Oxford, and in that of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The present is a very fine copy of this scarce poem.

Bound in Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.)—Saint Peters complaynt. With other Poems.

At London Printed by J. R. for G. C. 1595. 4to, pp. 72.

The present is the second edition of these poems, called erroneously, in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 672, the first, and is printed by James Roberts for Gabriel Cawood. The title is within a woodcut border with kneeling figures

at the top, on each side of the sacred monogram and the implements of torture; in the centre of the page is the-printer's device of a hand with twisted serpents, and the dove overshadowing the Bible; and the mottos "Loue and Lyve" in the centre, and "Nosce te ipsum," and "Ne quid nimis" on scrolls at the sides. The contents of the volume are precisely the same as the preceding, but it is a different edition, and printed somewhat closer—the former one occupying seventy-six pages, the latter only seventy-two.

This was Narcissus Luttrell's copy, and afterwards in the collection of Baron Bolland.

Bound in Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.)—Saint Peters complaint. With other Poems.

At London Printed by J. R. for G. C. 1599. 4to, pp. 72.

This edition (probably the fifth printed in England) corresponds in all respects, both in the ornaments of its title page, and in its general contents, with the impression of 1595, by the same printer described above; but it is evidently a different edition, called for, no doubt, by the great popularity to which the works of this praiseworthy and pious writer had then attained, a popularity which was increased, perhaps, also by the melancholy circumstances of his unfortunate fate, by which he had gained the crown of martyrdom. An imperfect copy of this edition is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 674, at 6*l.* 6*s.* The present is a beautiful copy.

Bound by C. Smith.

In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.)—Saint Peters Complaint. With other Poems.

Edinburgh Printed by Robert Waldegrave Printer to the Kings Majestie. *n. d.* 4to.

Cum Privilegio Regio.

The contents of this Edinburgh edition of Father Southwell's poems are exactly the same as those printed in 1595 and 1599, with the exception of the omission of the prose epistle from "the Author to his louing Cosin," and the addition at the end of *St. Peter's Complaint*, and before the minor poems, of the following sonnet, entitled,

A sinfull soule to Christ.

I lurk, I lowre, in dungeon deepe of mynd,
In mourning moode, I run a restles race,
With wounding pangs, my Soule is sorelie pyn'd,
My grieve it growes, and death drawes on a pace:
What life can last except there come releace?
Feare threats, despaire; my sinne infernall wage,
I faint, I fall: most wofull is my case,
Who can me helpe, who may this storme assuage?
O Lord of life, our peace, our only plea
O blesfull light, who life of death hast wrought
Of heaunlie loue the brightsome beame, and bage,
Who by thy death from death and hell us bought,
Reniue my Soule, my sinnes, my sores redresse,
That liue I may with thee in lasting blesse. J. J.

This is subscribed J. J., but whom these initials indicate we have no knowledge. The date of 1595 is inserted in the *MS.* on the title, and Mr. Caldecot erroneously imagined this edition to be the first, but it was probably not printed earlier than 1600. Mr. Heber also was in error in supposing that it contained fewer minor poems than in those which preceded it, the number being, as we have remarked, exactly the same, with the exception of the additionnll sonnet on p. 30. Mr. Chalmers, to whom this copy formerly belonged, says, "this Edinburgh edition is excessively rare." It sold in Steevens's sale, No. 1007, for 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; in Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 2612, for 3*l.* 4*s.*; in Chalmers's do., pt. ii, No. 1106, for 6*l.* 6*s.*; and in Midgley's do., for 8*l.* 10*s.* A copy of this edition is marked in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 675, at 21*l.* It is coarsely printed, and the first and last leaves of the present copy are much soiled.

Bound by Roger Payne,
In Russia, gilt leaves.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.)—S. Peters Complaint. And Saint Mary
Magdalens Funerall Teares. With sundry other selected and

deuout Poems. By the R. Father Robert Southwell, Priest of the Society of Jesus.

Is any among you sad? Let him pray; Is he of a cheerfull hart? Let him sing. *Iac.* 5.

Permissu Superiorum. M.DC.XX. 8vo.

A rare edition printed abroad, probably at Doway. It has the epistle addressed "To his worthy good Cosin Maister W. S.," and the two addresses from "The Authour to the Reader." At the end of *Saint Peters Complaint* are four short poems, "Saint Peters Peccani," "Returne home," "Comfort," and "Wish." Then a fresh title, "*S. Mary Magdalens Funerall Teares.*" Written by R. S., Priest of the Society of Jesus. *Luctum Vnigeniti fac tibi planctum amarum. Jerem.* 6, vers. 26." This prose work is preceded by a dedication "To the Right Worthy and Vertuous Gentlewoman Mrs. D. A.," and an address "To the Reader," in which the author says, "Many suting their labours to the popular veyne, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath, haue diuulged diuers pathetically discourses, in which if they had shewed as much care to profit, as they haue done desire to pleasure, their workes would much more haue honoured their names, and auailed the Readers. But it is a iust complaint amongst the better sort of persons, that the finest witts loose themselves in the vainest follies, spilling much Art in some idle phansie, and leauing their workes as witnesses how long they haue been in trauaile to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And sure it is a thing greatly to be lamented, that men of so high conceit, should so much abase their abilities, that when they haue racked them to the uttermost endeauour, all the prayse that they reape of their employment, consisteth in this, that they haue wisely told a foolish tale, and carryed a long lye very smoothly to the end. Yet this inconuenience might find some excuse, if the drift of their discourse leuelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured moral truths, and that couertly vttered to a common good, which without a maske would not find so free a passage. But when the substance of the worke hath neither truth nor probability, nor the purport thereof tendeth to any honest end, the writer is rather to be pittied then praysed, and his bookes fitter for the fire then for the presse." He then states, that "sith the copies thereof flow so fast, and so false abroad that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print; it seemed a lesse euill to let it flye to common view in the native plume, and with the owne winges then disguised in a coat of a bastard feather, or cast off from the fist of such a correctour, as might happily haue

perished the sound, and stucke in some sicke and sorry feathers of his owne phansies." "Let the worke," says he, "defend it selfe, and-every one passe his Censure as he seeth cause. Many Carpes are expected when curious eyes come a fishing. But the care is already taken, and Patience waiteth at the Table, ready to take away, when that Dish is serued in, and make roome for others, to set on the desired Fruit. R. S." At the end of the *Funerall Teares* are eight more short poems, "S. Mary Magdalens Blush," "No Ioy to liue," "S. Mary Magdalens Traunce," "Farewell," "At home in Heauen," "Christs Natiuity," "Christs Childhood," and a new poem called "The Christians Manna," consisting of fourteen six-line stanzas, which is not found in any other edition of Southwell's poems.

From this latter we extract the three concluding stanzas.

One soule in man is all in every part,
 One face at once in many glasses shines,
 One fearefull noyse doth make a thousand start:
 One eye at once of countlesse thinges defines,
 If prooffe of one in many, nature frame
 Why may not God much more performe the same?

God present is at once in every place:
 Yet God in every place is alwayes one.
 So may there be by gifts of ghostly grace,
 One man in many roomes, yet filling none.
 Sith Angells may effecte of bodyes show:
 God Angells gifts on bodyes may bestow.

What God as authour made, he alter may,
 No change so hard, as making all of nought.
 If Adam framed were of slimy clay
 Bread may to Christs most sacred flesh be wrought.
 He still doth this, that made with mighty hand
 Of water wine, a snake of Moyses wand.

This edition is now exceedingly scarce, and was priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 679, at 6l. 6s., but is not so comprehensive as the following one of the same date.

Bound in Blue Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.)—St. Peters Complainte. Mary Magdal.
 teares. Wth other workes of the author R. S.
 London Printed for W. Barrett. 1620. 12mo.

This edition, although containing a larger number of Southwell's prose and poetical pieces than had yet appeared together, is still not a complete collection of the whole of his works, as it does not include his "Supplication to Queen Elizabeth," 1593, his "Epistle of Comfort to those Catholicks who lie under Restraint," 1603, Svo, nor his "Epistle to his Father." The title is in the centre of a neatly engraved frontispiece, containing at the sides full length figures of St. Peter and Mary Magdalen with textual references, *Luke* 22, 62, and *John* 20, 11; and in compartments at the top, separated by the cock on a pillar crowing, Judas covenanting with the Chief Priests, *Matt.* 26, 14, and our Saviour before Pilate, *Mat.* 27, 2; and in the lower compartments, Mary anointing Christ's feet, *Luke* 7, 38, and Christ's agony in the garden, *Luke* 22, 42. The volume contains separate and distinct title pages to each of the five divisions or parts. (1.) *St. Peters Complaint*; (2.) *Mæoniæ*; (3.) *Marie Magdalens Funerall Teares*; (4.) *The Triumphs over Death*; (5.) *Short Rules of Good Life*. These had all been printed separately at earlier periods, with the exception of the last, which first appeared in this edition. The volume is dedicated by the Publisher Barrett "To the Right Honorable Richard. Earle of Dorcet," &c., in which he states, as "the onely reason of this present boldnesse in thus presuming to recommend it to your Honorable hands, being, that as the author thereof had long since dedicated some peeces of the whole to sundrie particular branches of that noble stocke and familie (whereof your Lordship is, and long may you be a strong and flourishing arme!) so now my selfe hauing first collected these dismembred parcels into one body, and published them in an entire edition, I held it a kind of sacriledge to defraud your noble name of the right which you may so iustly challenge thereunto, which by the Sunshine of your fauour shall be as it were reanimated; and He encouraged to further endeouours, who in the meane time is, at your Lordships seruice, W. Barret."

Mr. Haslewood, in his account of this edition of 1620 in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 69, has correctly enumerated the various contents of each part, with the exception of having accidentally omitted one poem at the end of *St. Peters Complaint*, viz., "Losse in delayes"; and also one in pt. ii, *Mæoniæ*, "Christs returne out of Egypt," which follows "The Flight into Egypt." It will therefore be unnecessary to give a repetition of the contents of each part here, but we may state with reference to this edition, that the lines are divided into two, so as to make each stanza consist of twelve lines instead of six, and that the number of the poems at the end of *St. Peters*

Complaint, which in the first edition of 1595 are twenty, are here increased to twenty-seven. Those in *Maoniæ* remain the same number in each, but there are considerable variations in some of the poems in the two editions, especially in the "Holy Hymne," the number of lines in which, in the original edition of 1595, is seventy-two, while in the present one they are only fifty-seven; and the prose address of "The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers," is also here omitted. In "The Triumphs over Death," the dedicatory epistle to the members of the Sackville family is signed S. W. These letters have been supposed by Mr. Waldron to indicate the author's name South-Well. Whether this be so or not, they are very incorrectly used here, as these lines were undoubtedly written by John Trussell, and are subscribed with his name in the first edition, where they are followed by an acrostic on Southwell's name, and some stanzas "To the Reader," both also by Trussell, which are omitted in the present edition. With the exception of these variations, this and the former prose tract correspond in other respects with the previous impressions. The "Short Rules of Good Life," although they had been printed abroad at St. Omer's and at Doway before this period, first appeared in England in this edition. They are dedicated, in prose, "To my deare affected friend M. D. S. Gentleman," by "Yours in firme affection R. S." Then six four-line verses "To the Christian Reader," four stanzas entitled "A Preparatiue to Prayer," one stanza "The effects of Prayer,"

The Sunne by prayer, did ceasse his course and staid :
The hungrie Lions fawnd upon their pray :
A walled passage through the sea is made
From furious fire is banisht heate away :
It shut the heauens three yeares from giuing raine
It opened heauens, and clouds powrd downe againe.

and three more stanzas "Ensamples of our Saniour," signed R. S. The "Short Rules" are in prose, divided under different heads or foundations; and the rules that follow these foundations—the various affections we ought to have towards God, our duty towards him, our neighbour, and our self, our care of servants, children, &c. These are chiefly of a religious kind, and the volume concludes with prayers addressed to the three Persons of the Trinity.

See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 69; Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 290; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 676, where a copy is priced 6l. 6s; Strettall's *Catal.*, p. 398, 3l. 3s.

In beautifully ornamented old French binding,
gilt leaves, gauflered edges.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.)—*Mæconice*. Or, Certaine excellent Poems and spirituall Hymnes: Omitted in the last Impression of Peters Complaint; being needefull thereunto to be annexed, as being both Diuine and Wittie. All composed by R. S.

London printed by Valentine Sims, for John Busbie. 1595.
4to.

This is the first edition of these poems of Father Southwell. It commences with a prose address from "The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers," one leaf, in which he apologizes to the reader for the omission of the poem on Christ's Nativity, which should have followed that of Maries Visitation, but having been before printed in the end of *St. Peters Complaint* he had here purposely omitted. The titles of the different poems are correctly given by Mr. Haslewood, from another edition, in the second volume of *Cens. Liter.*, p. 72, with the exception of one, "Christs returne out of Egypt," p. 101, which is there omitted. The poems in this volume may be considered as supplementary to those in *St. Peter's Complaint*, and amongst them are two of Southwell's most beautiful compositions, "Vpon the Image of Death" and "A vale of teares," but as these have already been quoted by Mr. Ellis in his *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 201, and the first one also by Sir Egerton Brydges in *Archæica*, and by Dr. Bliss in the *Ath. Oxon.*, it will be needless to repeat them here. We shall therefore content ourselves with giving the short poem with which the volume concludes.

Seeke flowers of heauen.

Soare vp my soule vnto thy rest, east off this loathsome lode:
Long is the date of thy exile, too long the strickt abode,
Graze not on worldly withered weede, it fitteth not thy taste,
The flowers of euerlasting spring do grow for thy repaste.
Their leaues are stain'd in beauties die, and blazed with their beames
Their stalks enamel'd with delight, and limb'de with glorious gleames.
Life giuing iuice of liuing loue their sugred vaines doth fill,
And watred with eternal showers, they nectared drops distill.
These flowers do spring from fertile soile, though from vnmanurde field
Most glittering gold in lieu of globe, these fragrant flowers do yeeld:
Whose soueraigne scent surpassing sense, so rauisheth the minde
That worldly weedes needes must be loath, that can these flowers find.

This work was reprinted in 1596, 1620, 1634, and probably more frequently, but without the introductory address from the printer. The later

editions, from the one in 1620, contain also some important variations in the readings, particularly in the Holy Hymn on the sixteenth page; and the poems in these editions are divided into stanzas, which is not the case in the present. These variations and different readings in the text are carefully marked in the present copy. The poem upon the Image of Death is inserted in Simon Wastell's *Microbiblion, or the Bibles Epitome*, 1620, 12mo, but is so far superior to anything composed by that writer in his acknowledged works, that he can have no claim to its authorship, and there is no doubt it was written by Southwell, whose usual style it much more resembles.

See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 71; Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. ii, p. 201; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, &c. The latter work erroneously calls this poem *Mænoniæ* twice over, which has been copied in Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 304. Bindley's copy, pt. iv, No. 601, sold for 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Strattell's do., No. 1638, for 1*l.* 13*s.*; Lloyd's do., No. 1270, for 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There is a copy in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Fine copy.

Bound in Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

SOUTHWELL, (ROBERT.)—The Triumphs ouer Death: or a Consolatorie Epistle for afflicted minds, in the affects of dying friends. First written for the consolation of one: but nowe published for the generall good of all, by R. S. the author of S. Peters Complaint, and Mænoniæ his other Hymnes.

London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Iohn Busbie, and are to be solde at Nicholas Lings shap at the West end of Paules Church. 1596. 4to, pp. 38.

The first edition of this tract, which is in prose, was published by the same printer in 1595, and was succeeded in the following year by the present, the contents being, in all respects, similar in both. It was composed by Southwell on the death of the Lady Margaret Sackville (daughter of Thos. Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and Margaret, his second wife, daughter of Thos., Lord Audley of Wolden) and wife of the Honble. Robert Sackville, son and heir of Thos., Lord Buckhurst, whom he succeeded as Earl of Dorset in 1608. It has a metrical dedication to the children of the above, "the Worshipfull M. Richard Sackuile, Edward Sackuile, Cicilie

Sackuile, and Anne Sackuile, the hopefull issues of the honourable Gentleman, Maister Robert Sackuile Esquire," written by John Trussell, which is given at length by Mr. Haslewood in his account of Southwell's Works in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 74; and an acrostic on Robert Southwell, and some lines "To the Reader," also by John Trussell, followed by a prose address from "The Authour to the Reader." There is a tone of pious sadness, and of chaste and fervid eloquence, which runs throughout these Triumphs, deeply interesting to the reader; and the pure and beautiful manner in which the character of the deceased is drawn is a good exemplification of the powers which the author wielded both in verse and prose, and of the piety and excellence of his sentiments. This work has been reprinted in the first volume of *Archæica*, which renders it unnecessary to give any extract from it here. At the end are some Latin and English verses, the latter of which, for the sake of its historical notices, we transcribe at length.

Of *Howards* stemme a glorious branch is dead,
 Sweet lights eclipsed were at her deccase :
 In *Buckehurst* line she gracious issue spread,
 She beu'n with two, with four did earth increase :
 Fame, honor, grace, gaue ayre vnto her breath,
 Rest, glory, ioyes were sequels of her death.
 Death aym'de too high, he hit too choise a wight,
 Renowned for birth, for life, for liuely partes
 He kill'd her cares, he brought his woorths to light,
 He rob'd our eies, but hath inricht our harts,
 Lot let out of her Arke a *Noyes* [Noah's] Doue,
 But many hearts were Arkes vnto her loue.
 Grace, Nature, Fortune, did in hir conspire
 To shew a prooffe of their vnited skill :
 Sly Fortune euer false did soone retire,
 But double Grace supplied false Fortunes ill :
 And though she raught not vp to Fortuues pitch,
 In Grace and Vertue few were found so rich.
 Heauen of this heauenly Pearle is now possest,
 In whose lustre was the blaze of honours light :
 Whose substance pure, of every good the best,
 Whose price the crowne of highest right
 Whose praise to be her selfe, whose greatest blis,
 To liue, to loue to be where now she is.

Besides the two editions of this tract already mentioned, it was reprinted

along with his other works in Barret's, and some of the other small impressions. There is a copy of the present edition in the Grenville collection in the British Museum.

Bound in Calf, blank tooled.

STANYHURST, (RICHARD.)—The First Fourc Bookes of Virgils *Æneis*, Translated into English Heroicall Verse, by Richard Stanyhurst: With other Pœticall deuises thereto annexed.

[Woodcut.]

At London, Imprinted by Henrie Bynneman dwelling in Thames streate neare vnto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini 1583. 8vo, blk. lrtt.

After the publication of the *Æneis of Virgil*, translated by the combined efforts of Phaer and Twyne, appeared the very extraordinary version of the first four books, by Richard Stanyhurst, in heroic verse, *i.e.*, into English Hexameters, a metre of which Gabriel Harvey had laid claim to be the inventor, and which had also been used by Spenser, Sidney, Fraunce, himself, and others. In his *Four Letters and Certaine Sonets*, 1592, 4to, **black letter**, Harvey observes, "If I neuer deserue any better remembrance, let me be epitaphed the inventour of the English hexameter, whome learned M. Stanihurst imitated in his Virgill, and excellent Sir P. Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia and elsewhere." The version of Stanyhurst is one of the most singular examples of this metrical character; and did we not know from other sources that he was in reality a learned and accomplished man, and was highly esteemed for his literary talents by his contemporaries, we might be disposed to imagine that he had intended to turn his author into burlesque, and to exhibit his own foolish pedantry and conceit.

At the time this version was published, Stanyhurst, then a married man, was residing at Leyden in Holland, having left England on account of his religion; and it would appear from a manuscript note by Mr. Heber in the present copy, that a previous edition had been printed at Leyden the year before, of which, however, no copy is known, and that it was from this earlier publication that Bynneman had reprinted the present edition. It is dedicated in a lengthy epistle to his "very louing Brother the Lorde Baron

of Dunsanye," in which he gives a comparison between Phaer's translation and his own; and while he admits that the former "hath translated *Virgil* into Englishe rythme with such surpassing excellencie, as a very few (in his conceit) for pickte and loftie words can bound him, none ouergoe him," yet he is satisfied with the superiority of his own version, as being closer to the sense and meaning of his author. And alluding to his own labours, he observes, "The three firste bookes I translated by starts, as my leasure and pleasure would serue me. In the fourth booke I did taske myselfe, and pursued the matter somewhat hotely. *M. Phaer* tooke to the making of that booke fifteene dayes: I huddled vp mine in ten. Wherein I couet no praise, but rather doe craue pardon. For like as forelittering bitches whelp blinde puppies, so I may be perhaps intwighted of more haste than good speede, as Sir *Thomas Moore* in like case gybeth at one that made vaunt of certaine pild verses clouted vp extrumpere

Hos quid te scripsisse mones extempore versus?

Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.

This epistle is dated "from Leiden in Holland, the laste of Iune 1582." Then follows a prose address of five pages "To the learned Reader," in which he enters into some critical disquisitions on the quantities of syllables, and gives certain rules respecting English prosody, which it is unnecessary to notice here.

In order to give the reader some idea of the excessive absurdity of this translation by Stanyhurst, we submit the following extracts:

The first is the story of Laocoon and the serpents in the second book, l. 201.

As priest *Laocoon* by lot to *Neptun* apointed
 A bul for sacrificful sizde did slaughter at altars
 Then, loe ye, from *Tenedos* through standing deepe floud apeace
 (I shiuer in telling) two serpents monstereus ouglie
 Plasht the water suicking to the shoare most hastily swinging:
 Whose breasts upsteaming and manes blood speckled inhaunced
 High the sea surmounted, thee rest in smooth flud is hidden,
 Their tails with croompled knot twisting washly they wrigled.
 Thee water is roused, they doe friske with floũce to y^e shoare ward,
 Thee land with staring eyes bluddy and fire beholding
 Their fangs in lapping they stroak with brandished hoat tongs.
 Al we fle from sacrifice with sight so grisled afrighted
 They charg *Laocoon*: but first they raught to the sucklings
 His two yong children with circle poisoned hooking.
 Them they doe chew, renting their members tender asunder.
 In vaine *Laocoon* the assault like a stickler apeaceing

Is too sone embayed with wrapping girdle yecompast,
 His midil embracing with wig wag circuled hooping,
 His neck eke chaining with tails, him in quantitie topping,
 Hee with his hands labored their knots to squise, but abheaples
 Hee striucs: his temples with black swart poyson anointed.
 He freams, and skrawling to the skie brayes terribil hoiseth
 Much like as a fat bul beloeth, that settled on altar
 Half kild escapeth the missing boutcherus hatchet.

The ensuing lines, descriptive of the Harpies, are taken from the third book, l. 219, commencing:

Huc ubi delati portus intravimus, &c.

When 'tward theese Islands our ships wee settled in hauen
 Neere, we view'd grasing heards of bigge franckye fat oxen
 And goats eke cropping carelesse, not garded of heardmen.
 Wee rusht with weapons, parte of the bootye we lotted
 First to *Ioue*. On banck syds ourselues with food we reposed
 But loa with a suddeyn flashing the gulligut *Harpesys*
 From mountayns flitter, with gagging whirlye flapping
 Their wings: foorth the viaud fro tabils al greedily snatching
 With fulsoom sauour, with stincking poysoned ordure
 Thee ground they smeared, theartoo skriches harshye reioyning
 Then we set al tabils, and fyrde our mystical altars
 Under a rock arched, with trees thick couered ouer.
 At the second sitting from parcels sundry repayred
 This coouie rauenouse, and swift with a desperat onset,
 They gripte in tallants the meat and foorth spourged a sticking
 Foule carryne sauoure: then I wild thee coompanye present
 Too take their weapons, and fight with mischeuns howlets.
 My wil at a becking is doon, they doe run to their armoure
 In grasse their flachets, and tergats warilye pitching.
 But when at a thyrd flight theese fowls to the coompanye neered,
 With shril brasse trumpet *Misenus* sowned alarum
 Oure men marcht forward, and fierce gaue a martial uncotch
 Charge, theese strange vulturs with a skirmish bluddye to maister.
 But strokes their feathers pears'd not, nor carcasses harm'd;
 And too skye they soared, thee victals clammye behind them
 They do leaue hault mangled with sent unsau'rye bepoudred.

The last extract we shall give is the account of Polyphemus related by Achæmenides when found by Æneas on his voyage, from the same book, l. 613, the well known lines

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum
 Trunca manum pinus regit, et vestigia firmat.

being thus rendered,

A foule fog monster, great swad, deprived of eye sight
His fists and stalcking are propt with trunck of a pyne tree.

Borne I was in the Ithacan countrey, mate of haples *Ulysses*
Named *Achæmenides*, my syre also cal'd *Adamastus*
A good honest poore man (would we in that penurye lasted)
Sent me to your Troy wars, at last my coompanie skared
From this countrye cruel, did posting leaue me behinde them,
In Cyclops kennel, thee laystow dirtye, the foule den.
In this grisly palaice, in forme and quantitie mightye
Palpable and groaping darkenesse with murther aboundeth.
Hee doth in al mischiefe surpass, hee mounts to the sky top
(Al the heu'nly feloship from the earth such a monstre abandou)
Hard he is too be viewed, too see hym no person abideth.
Thee bloud w^t the entrayles of men by him slaughtred, he gnaweth.
And of my feloes I saw that a couple he graped
On ground lowe grooueling, and them with villenye crussed,
At flint hard dasshing, thee goare bloud spowteth of ecche side,
And swims in the thrashold. I saw flesh bluddie to slauer
When y^e cob had maunged the gobets foule garbaged haulfe quick
Yet got he not shot free, this butcherie quighted *Ulysses*:
In which doughtye peril the Ithacan moste wisely bethought him.
For the unsauoric rakhel with collops blud red yfranked.
With chuffe chaffe wine sops like a gourd bowrrachoe replennisht
His nodil in crossewise wresting downe droups to y^e groundward
In belohe galp vomiting with dead sleape snortye the collops,
Raw with wine soused, we doe pray to supernal asemblye.
Round with al embaying thee muffle maffe loller, eke hastleye
With toole sharp pointed we boarde and perced his one light,
That stood in his lowring front gloommish malleted onlye.
Like Greekish tergat glistring, or *Phæbus* his hornebeams,
Thus the death of feloes on a lout wee gladly reuenged.

At the end of the translation from *Virgil* are "Psalmes, Conceites, and Epitaphs," which form the "other Poeticall deuises" mentioned in the title-page; and first "Hereafter ensue certayne Psalmes of Dauid translated into English, according to the obseruation of the Latine verses." These are the first, second, third, and fourth psalms, and a prayer to the Trinity, and have each a short introduction explanatory of the metre in which they are composed, viz., iambical, heroical, asclepiad, and sapphic verse. Next, "Here after ensue certayne Poetical Conceites," consisting of "A devise made by Virgil, or rather by some other upon a River so hard frozen, that waynes

and passe over it," in Latin hexameter and pentameter verses. (2.) The same Englished. (3.) Another version of the same. (4.) The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the eight booke of his *Æneis*, &c. Done into English by the translatour for his last farewell too the sayd Virgil." It was this passage which furnished Nash with the subject of his ridicule of Stanyhurst's "hexameter fury" in his celebrated preface to Greene's *Arcadia*. The remaining ten short pieces in this division are chiefly original compositions of the author, and are nearly all written in his favourite hexametrical verse. Lastly, "Here ensue certaine Epitaphes framed as wel in Latin as English." These are (1.) "An Epitaph deuised vpon the death of the right honourable Iames, Earle of *Ormond and Ossorie*, who deceased at Elie house in Holborne about the ycare 1546, the xviii. of October, and lieth buried in *S. Thomas Acres Church*, extracted out of the third booke of the *Historie of Ireland*." Eight Latin lines followed by a long character in English prose. (2.) "Upon the death of the Lord of the Out Isles of Scotland." In Latin. (3.) "Upon the death of his father Iames Stanyhurst Esquyer, who deceased at Dublyn, Anno 1573, xxvii. of December, ætatis li." In Latin verse. (4.) "Upon the death of his father-in-law Syr Christofer Barnewal Knight." In Latin verse, with a character in Latin prose. (5.) "Upon the death of his wife *Genet*, daughter to Syr Christofer Barnewal Knight, who deceased at *Knight-his-bridge*, of Chield-byrth, Anno 1579, August xxvi, ætatis xix, and lieth enterr'd at *Chelsye*." In Latin verse. (6.) "Upon the death of the right honourable and his most deare coosen, the Lorde Baron of Louth, who was trayterously murthered by Mackmaughan an Irish Lording, about the ycare 1577." In English Hexameters. (7.) "Upon the death of the right honourable the Lord Girald Fitz Gerald, L. Baron of Offalye, who deceased at S. Albans in the ycare 1580, the last of Iune, the xxi. ycare of his age." In English Hexameter verse, with a character in English prose. (8.) "A penitent Sonnet by the Lord Girald a little before his death." In English verse. (9.) "An Epitaph entituled *Commune Defunctorum*, such as our vnlearned Rithmours accustomedly make vpon the death of euerie Tom Tyler, as if it were a last for euery one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded." In English hexameters. (10.) "An Epitaph written by Sir Thomas More vpon the death of Henry Abyngdon, one of the gentlemen of the chappel," &c. In Latin middle rhyming verse, with a translation of the same in English. These are quoted by Mr. Park in his account of this work in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 425, and therefore it is

needless to repeat them here. The volume concludes with a short address on the last page from "The Printer to the Reader," in which he comments upon the new orthography used in the book, and apologizes for the singularity of the spelling in placing the two *oo* and *ee* for one, which seem to have puzzled him no little, as they will certainly do our modern readers, and for the use of which he refers to the author's epistle at the beginning, and concludes by commending to the courtesy of the reader his "travaile in so straunge and unaccustomed a work."

Mr. Collier, in his notice of this work, has quoted a remarkable passage relating to Stanyhurst, who was then living, from Barnaby Rich's *Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Cry*, Lond., 1618, 4to, in which that writer speaks of Stanyhurst as "a famous man amongst them for his excellent learning—for he was a chronicler, then a poet, and after that he professed alchymie, and now hee is become a massing prieste."

Stanyhurst was a native of Dublin (of which city his father was recorder) and he was born in 1547. He received his education, first under Peter White, Dean of Waterford, and afterwards at University College in Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. Leaving college, he visited London and became a student at Furnival's Inn, and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn, and spent some time in the study of the common law. He married Genet or Janetta, daughter of Sir Christopher Barnewall, Knt., who died in childbirth at Knightsbridge, near London, Aug. 26, 1579, at the early age of nineteen, and was buried at Chelsea. It is supposed that Peter Plunket, Lord Dunsany, married another sister, and that thence he is styled by Stanyhurst his loving brother. Margaret Stanyhurst, the sister of our author, was mother to Archbishop Usher; becoming a Roman Catholic he went abroad, and was esteemed for his learning and talents in France and the Low Countries, and was made chaplain to the Archduke of Austria. He continued to reside abroad, and was engaged in controversy on religious subjects with Archbishop Usher, whose mother was Stanyhurst's sister. He published several other works, especially one on the *History of Ireland*, besides this translation, and died at Brussels in 1618, in his seventy-second year. Stanyhurst is praised by Camden for his learning, who styles him "Eruditissimus ille nobilis Rich. Stanilurstus," but was ridiculed for his pedantry and conceit by Bishop Hall in his Satires, and by Puttenham, Nash, and other writers of that period. Nash's remarks on his "foule lumbring, boystrous, wallowing measure in his translation of *Virgil*," which he characterizes by the term "Thrasonical huffe snuffe" are well known to

most readers. A more modern writer has remarked, that "as Chaucer has been called the well of English undefiled, so might Stanyhurst be denominated the common sewer of the language," and that his version "could excite nothing but wonder, ridicule, and disgust."

From the very minute collation of the foreign and first edition of this work, which Mr. Heber has given in a manuscript note in this copy, it is quite evident that he must have seen the volume, although no copy of it is known, at present, to be in existence. In the entry of the licence granted to Bynneman for printing the work, in the *Registers of the Stationers' Company*, it is stated that it is "by a copie printed at Leiden in Holland" (i.e., reprinted by Bynneman from such a copy), which is another proof that the one made use of by Bynneman had already been printed at Leyden. The printer's name was John Pates; who apologizes to the reader at the end for "the faultes from the nooveltye of imprinting in English in these partes, and the absence of thee anthour from perusing soom proofes." At the end was a list of errata, and the following colophon: "Imprinted at Leiden in Holland, by John Pates, Anno M.D.LXXXII." It was printed in 4to, chiefly in *italic* letter.

The reader may see an ample and detailed account of this extremely rare book, written by Mr. Park, in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 400; and in Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 224; and may further consult Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 350; Haslewood's *Anc. Crit. Essays*, vol. ii, p. 197; Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, B. 1, sat. 6; Puttenham's *Art of Eng. Poesie*, p. 229; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. vi, p. 39; Dyce's *Edit. Greene's Works*, vol. i, p. xxxv; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 252; and Collier's *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 176. A reprint of this early edition, limited to fifty copies, was made at Edinburgh in 1836.

Stanyhurst's volume is of the greatest rarity, and brought at Dr. Farmer's Sale, No. 6804, 2*l.* 17*s.*; Steevens's do., No. 348, 3*l.* 10*s.*; Horne Tooke's do., No. 759, 15*l.*; Riee's do. No. 967, 6*l.* The present copy was purchased by Mr Heber at the Duke of Norfolk's Sale for 9*l.* 10*s.*, and with the binding by C. Lewis, cost him altogether 11*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* At Mr. Heber's Sale, pt. iv, No. 2743, it brought 8*l.* 8*s.* Imperfect copies were sold in Mr. Bright's do., No. 5387, and at Mr. Utterson's do., No. 1723. There are copies in the Bodleian Library, in the British Museum, and in the Grenville collection in the same repository.

Beautiful copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Green Morocco, with joints, tooled inside, in imitation of

Roger Payne, gilt leaves.

STORER, (THOMAS.)—The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey Cardinall. Diuided into three parts: His Aspiring, Triumph, and Death. By Thomas Storer Student of Christ-Church in Oxford.

At London Printed by Thomas Dawson. 1599. 4to.

It can hardly be thought surprising that the extraordinary fortunes and eventful life of Cardinal Wolsey should have formed the subject of a poetical legend, after the numerous examples already set forth of the rise and fall of great personages in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and other works of a similar description. And the present appears to have been formed somewhat on a similar model, and to have been intended to record the facts of his life in a simple and faithful manner without much embellishment. But while it was much esteemed by some of our earlier writers on such subjects, and considered in those days as a work of great rarity, it is singular that it should never have been reprinted, till it obtained that distinction by Mr. Park in the *Heliconia* in 1815. It is true, as a writer in the *Retrospect. Review* has remarked, that “to write a life in verse, is merely to say that in rhyme, which had much better be said in prose.” But although we do not gather much of novelty in this poetical life of the great Cardinal, yet whatever is communicated, bears the stamp of truth, and may be relied upon for its fidelity, most of the facts being derived from Cavendish’s *Life of Wolsey*, which we know was written, especially the latter portion of it, from his own personal observation. The poem is written in an easy and flowing style of versification, and contains some passages of tolerable merit—the personification of Theology in the first part for instance, and the description of his prosperous and triumphant state in the second, when he is made to compare himself with “Jerusalem, the pride of Palestine”—which exhibit some power of imagination and poetical taste, and are not without interest to the reader. The work is preceded by a dedicatory sonnet “To the Worshipfull M. John Howson, Chaplaine to her Maiestie,” who was afterwards successively Bishop of Oxford and Durham, and died in 1631. This is followed by some verses in Latin by an anonymous writer, with the motto, “Ut nos unda” inscribed “Ad Thomam Storerrum de suo Tho: Wolsæo Hendecasyllabi,” and by others also in Latin, entitled “Prosopopœia Wolsæi,” by Edward Michelborne, who is mentioned by Wood as the most noted Latin poet of his day in the university, and copies of whose encomiastic verses are

to be found prefixed to the various publications of his contemporaries. Next occur two more copies of Latin verses, "De Wolseide et Momo," and "Thomæ Wolsæi et Reginaldi Poli Cardinal. Angl. comparatio," signed "Carolus Fitzgeofridus Latiforensis" and two sonnets in English by the same writer, who was the author of a poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake in 1593, 16mo, written when he was very young; and of a small work called "*Affanie*, or Three Books of Epigrams," published at Oxford in 1601, in which are inserted some complimentary Latin lines to Storer on publishing this work. And, as Fitzgeffrey was a writer of some reputation amongst his contemporaries, we quote the last of his two sonnets:

While Fortune yet did Wolseys state uphold
 Liuing he fram'de himselfe a costly toombe:
 To girt with marble crowne, the longing mould
 Prowde of the treasure that it should enwhombe,

Yet ueuer did that monument inuest
 The naked temples of his bare-head graue:
 And death which him of life first dispocest
 Was dispocest of what it selfe should haue.

But wherefore did the heau'ns his ghost this wrong
 Thus of his duest honour to deprive him?
 They knew his graue should not obscure him long,
 There should a Muse, they had in *Store* reuiue him.
 Toombes are for dead men:—not for *Wolsey* then
 Whom thou hast made immortalle with thy pen.

The introductory matter is concluded with two laudatory stanzas in English by Thomas Michelborne, a supposed brother or relation of the former; and a poem of fifteen octave stanzas "To the Author," by John Sprint, student of Christ Church, who was afterwards vicar of Thornbury in Gloucestershire, and a celebrated preacher in London. In these lines he thus gracefully alludes to the unfinished state of his own College in Oxford:

O see how widdow-like (poore soule) she standes
 That college he began with eurious frame,
 So left, (though not without demaine and landes)
 As bush or ensigne of her builders shame:
 Which though he rear'de, with his ambitious handes,
 I dare not call him Founder of the same:

How can he be of *Christchurch* Founder deem'de,
 That of *Christ's church* no member is esteem'de?

And yet as though to recompence the fall
 And want of walles, that never were erect,
 See how the greatest Architect of al
 Rebuildes the same, and in a deare respect,
 Hath plac't a reuerent steward, that doth call,
 The painfull builders, and their worke direct :
 By whom true labors haue their due regard,
 And well-deseruing letters findes reward.

And so the ruines that our house before
 So deeply blemisht with defect of stones,
 Now farre more glorious, farre triumphant more,
 Is made by sweete supply of learned ones,
 That daily takes increase, by daily store
 And carefull nursing of her toward sonnes
 So flourish still, and still encrease thy fame,
 And make thy selfe by deede, thy selfe by name.

The poem is written in seven-line stanzas, and is divided into three parts, the first giving an account of the rise of Wolsey, the second of his greatness, and the third of his fall, "*Wolseius aspirans triumphans, et Moriens*"; the whole is written in the first person, as if spoken by Wolsey himself, and commences as follows :

Betweene two *Muses* in the deepe of night,
 There sate a reuerend Father full of woe,
 They gaz'd on him, and from that dismall sight,
 A kind remorse was willing them to go,
 But cruell Fortune would not haue it so :
 Fortune that erst his pride had ouerthrowne,
 Would haue her power by his misfortune knowne.

Where fruitfull *Thames* salutes the learned shoare,
 Was this graue Prelate and the *Muses* placed ;
 And by those waues he builded had before
 A royall house with learned *Muses* graced,
 But by his death vnperfect and defaced :
 O blessed walls, and broken towers (quoth he)
 That neuer rose to fall againe with me.

To thee, first sister of the learned nine,
 Historians goddess, Patronesse of Fame,
 Entombing worthies in a liuing shrine
 Celestial *Clio*, *Clio* pearcesse dame,
 My stories truth, and triumph I will frame
 My stories simple truth, if ought remaine
 Enrich my legend with thy sacred veine.

The sad discourse of my untimely fall
 (O tragique Muse) shall pierce thy sullen eares -
Melpomene, though nothing can apall
 Thy heart obdurate in contempt of feares,
 My, my laments shall make thee write in teares,
 If 'mong thy serolles of antique maiestie,
 Thou deigne to place a Prelates tragedie.

Perchance the tenor of thy mourning verse
 May lead some pilgrim to my toomblesse graue;
 Where neither marble monument nor hearse
 The passengers attentive view may craue,
 Which honors now the meanest persons haue:
 But well is me, where e're my ashes lie,
 If one teare drop from some religious eie.

Yet when by meanes of Princes gracious doome
 I rul'de the Church, where aged *Wainfet* lay,
 Zealous I was unto my Founders toombe;
 My thankfull loue did faithfull tribute pay
 To him now dead, whose liuing was my stay:
 His ancient reliques were as deere to me,
 As Princes lookes, or parents loue might be.

Thrice sweete remembrance of that holy man
 Reuerend erecter of those stately tow'rs,
 That worthy College where my youth beganne
 In humane Artes to spend the watchfull houres;
 That fruitfull nursery, where heau'nly show'rs
 To me poore country-plant such grace did yelde,
 As soone I prooued the fairest of the field.

The reflections of Wolsey on first emerging into life, with his ambitious dreams of future eminence and wealth, are thus not inelegantly described:

This silver tongue (me thought) was neuer made
 With rhetoricke skill to teach each common swaine
 These deepe conceits were neuer taught to wade
 In shallow brookes, nor this aspiring vaine
 Fit to conuerse among the shepheards traine:
 I could not girt me like a worthlesse groome,
 In courser garment wouen of country loome.

Just cause I saw my titles to aduance
 Vertue my gentry, Priesthood my discent,
 Saints my allies, the Crosse my cognisance,
 Angells my guard, that watcht about my tent,
 Wisedome that usher'd me where ere I went:

These are our honors, though the world withstand
Our lands and wealth are in another land.

Yet as through *Tagus* faire transparent streames,
The wand'ring Merchant sees the sandy gold,
Or like as *Cynthia's* halfe obscured beames
In silent night the *Pilot* doth behold
Through misty clowdes and vapors manifold:
So through a mirror of my hop'te-for gaine
I saw the treasure which I should obtaine.

And again when fresh honours and dignities await him after his introduction at court:

Transplanted thus into a fertile spring
And wat'ed from aboue with beau'nly dew
Enlight'ned with the presence of my King,
My branches waxed large, and faire of hew,
And all about fresh buddes of honor grew:
Garlands of Lordships, blossomes of degree,
White roddees of office, keyes of knightly fee.
Looke how the *God of Wisdome* marbled stands,
Bestowing Laurel wreathes of dignitie
In *Delphos* Ile, at whose impartial hands
Hang antique scrolles of gentle *Herauldrie*,
And at his feate ensignes and trophies lie:
Such was my state whom every man did follow,
As living statue of the great *Apollo*.

The personification of Theology or Religion, to which we have already alluded, shall form the subject of our next quotation.

In chariot framed of celestially mould,
And simple purenesse of the purest skie,
A more than beau'nly Nymph I did beholde,
Who glauncing on me with her gracious eie,
So gaue me leaue her beantie to espie:
For sure no sence such sight can comprehend,
Except her beames their faire reflection lend.
Her beauty with Eternitie began,
And onely vnto God was euer seene,
When *Eden* was possest with sinfull man,
She came to him, and gladly would have beene
The long succeeding worlds eternall Queene:
But they refused her (O hainous deed!)
And from that garden banisht was their seede.

Since when at sundry times and sundry waies,
 Atheisme and blinded ignorance conspire
 How to obscure those holy burning raies,
 And quench that zeale of heart-inflaming fire,
 As makes our soules to heau'nly things aspire :

But al in vaine, for mauger all their might,
 Shee neuer lost one sparkle of her light.

Pearles may be foild, and gold be turn'd to drosse,
 The sun obscur'd, the moone be turned to bloud,
 The world may sorrow for *Astræas* losse,
 The heau'ns be darkued like a dusky wood,
 Waste desarts lie where watery fountaines stood :

But faire *Theologie* (for so she light)
 Shall neuer loose one sparkle of her light.

One more passage from the third part, "Wolseius moriens," containing his reflections on arriving at Lord Shrewsbury's seat at Sheffield Park, worn out and ill, and being waited on by his attendants, instead of as formerly, by his own, shall conclude our extracts from this interesting poem.

By short and heauy iourneys I was brought
 To *Sheffield* parke ;—there taking sweete repose,
 Where true Nobilitie intirely sought
 T'ennoble grieffe, and entertaine my woes :
 O how doth heau'n the course of cares dispose,
 By enterchange of honor and of pleasure,
 To augment our miseries exceeding measure !

Hit traines attendance shew'd my glories past,
 (Bitter remembrance!) and my present shame,
 (Vnhappy presence!) and the times of waste,
 Accusing all when I deseru'd the blame,
 Accursing change! that keepes mee not the same :
 Let him that sees his priuate miserie,
 Auoid the prospect of prosperitie.

It breeds pale enuy, and sad Discontent,
 Procures offence before a proffered wrong :
 Torments it selfe, till all conceits are spent
 And thoughts deliuered by malicious tongue :
 Then rapt with violent fury, growes so strong,
 That it enuenomes all our humane parts,
 Blind iudging eies, and sense-confounding harts.

Farre better had I met vpon the way
 Legions of *Lazars*, ghost of men vniust,

Afflicted spirits, tormented night and day
 With Prides remembrancee, and incestuous lust,
 Appearing in their ornaments of dust :
 Such passengers might well haue met with me,
 Of like profession, and of like degree.

Ages to come will thankfully admire
 That princees worth, which pittied prelates want :
 Those benefits are noble and entire ;
 But in few grounds increaseth such a plant,
 Since their old vertuous rootes are growne so scaut.
 Professions doubt breedes good house-keepers care,
 That though they would, yet few there are that dare.

At the end of the poem, on the last page, a short list of Errata is thus apologetically introduced: "Reader: the *Decórum* is kept euen in these Errata: there is no reason that a Booke should be without faultes, when the person of whom the booke intreateth had so many in his life. But the Author could haue wisht that *Wolsey* had corrected his errors while he lived, on that condition, that himselve had committed none in the description of his life. If the reader find any more then are here set downe, let him remember that it is a matter ineuitable, vnlesse Nature had either placed our eyes behind vs, or the wallet of faults before vs."

The author of this poem was the son of John Storer, a citizen of London, and was elected student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1587, where he took his degree of M.A. in 1594, "at which time," says Ant. Wood, "he was had in great renown for his most excellent vein in poesy, not only expressed in verses printed in several books, made occasionally by members of the university, but for that writ in English verse entitled, *The Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey, Cardinal*." Some extracts from this poem are contained in *England's Parnassus* (not *England's Helicon* according to Wood, and repeated by Mr. Park), and a copy of commendatory verses before Vaughan's *Golden Grove*, 1600, 8vo. Storer died in London in November 1604, and was buried in the church of St. Michael's, Bassishaw, in the city. It has been conjectured by Malone that this poem might possibly have suggested to the mind of Shakespeare the subject of his play of *Henry VIII*. In the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 4to, there is a legend by Thos. Churchyard on the history of Wolsey, his rise, pomp, and fall. Consult also further *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 665; *Retrospect. Rev.*, vol. v, p. 275; *Heliconia*, vol. ii; *Drake's Life and Times of Shakespeare*, vol. i, p. 702; and *Wood's Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, c. 750.

Storer's *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey* has been twice reprinted of late years—in 1815, 4to, by Mr. Park in the second volume of *Heliconia*, and also more recently, in 8vo, from the press of Mr. Talboys in Oxford. And whether we consider the interest of the subject—the historical faithfulness and truth with which it is written, or the great rarity of the volume, it must certainly be allowed to be justly worthy of a revival. The prices which this work has usually brought at public sales have generally ranged high—Midgley's Sale, No. 735, 11*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Hibbert's, No. 7733 (same copy), 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Heber's, pt. iv, No. 2642, 9*l.* 9*s.*; Jolley's, pt. iv, No. 1022, 8*l.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's, pt. iii, No. 523, 12*l.* 15*s.*; Sir Peter Thompson's, 19*l.* 19*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 665, 21*l.*

Collation: Sig. A to K 3, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Green Morocco, with broad border of gold, gilt leaves.

STUDLEY, (JOHN).—The Seventh Tragedie of Seneca, entituled Medea: Translated out of Latin into English, by John Studley, Student in Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge.

Imprinted at London in Fleete-streate, beneath the Conduit, at the Signe of Sainet John Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell.

Anno Domini M.D.LXVI. (1566.) Sm. 8vo, blk. ltrt.

Warton had never seen this separate edition of the *Medea*, and fancied, that along with the *Hyppolitus* and *Hercules Oeteus* by the same translator, it was first printed in Marsh's collected edition in 1581, in 4to. The present impression is dedicated by Studley "To the ryght honorable Frauncis Lord Russell, Earle of Bedford, one of the Queenes Maiesties priuie Counsell, Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, Lord Gouvernour of Barwicke, and Warden of the East Marches." This is followed by "The Preface to the Reader," in which he speaks of this as his "second attempte," the eighth tragedy, the *Agamemnon*, printed in the same year, having been his first, and mentions that he had altered the first chorus, "because in it he sawe nothyng but an heape of prophane storyes, and names of prophane Idoles." After the preface are some lines by "W. F. in the Translatours behalfe," "The Argument to the Tragedie by

the Translatour," three seven-line stanzas, and "The names of the Speaker's of this Tragedie."

Of the translator himself, who contributed the largest share in first rendering the tragedies of Seneca into our native tongue, having translated four out of the ten, not much is known, beyond what he informs us himself, that he received his education as a scholar at Westminster school, and was afterwards of Trinity College, Cambridge; that he is mentioned by Ant. Wood, as "a noted poet in Queen Elizabeth's time"; and that according to the somewhat doubtful authority of Chetwood in his *British Theatre*, he afterwards went into Flanders, where he held a command under Prince Maurice, and was killed at the siege of Breda in 1587. From the various complimentary testimonies offered to him by his contemporaries, prefixed to the first edition of his translation of the *Agamemnon*, and from other scattered sources, he appears to have been held in much esteem by them; and his translations from Seneca, considered as some of the earliest attempts that were made in our language, are not without a certain degree of merit. In addition to the plays of Seneca, Studley translated John Bale's "*Pageant of Popes*, contayninge the lyues of all the Bishops of Rome, from the beginning of them, to the yeaere of Grace 1555," &c., London, 1574, 4to, and wrote two copies of Latin verses on the death of Nicholas Carr, Greek Professor at Cambridge, which were appended to Carr's Latin translation of the *Orations of Demosthenes*, printed by H. Denham, 1571, 4to.

A short quotation from the first chorus altered by the translator will be sufficient to shew that Studley performed his task with some ability. The speech thus eloquently described was that of false Jason:

Yet was his speache, so pleasant and so mylde,
Hys tongue so fylde, hys promises so fayre,
Sweete was the fowlers songe that hathe beguyldo
The selye byrde, brought to the lymed snare.
Fayth in hys face, trust shynd in hys eyes,
The blusslyng brow playne menynges semed to showe,
In double harte black treason hydden lyes
Dissembling thoughtes that weaue the webbe of woe.
The honed lyppes, the tongue in suger depte
Doe sweete the poyson rancke within the brest,
In subtle shew of paynted sheath is kept,
The rusty knyfe of treason demed least
Lyfe seemes the bayte to syght that lyeth brym,
Death is the hooke that underlyes the same,

The candell blase delyghtes with burnyng trym
 The Flye, tyll she be burned in the flame
 Who in such shewes least demed any illes.
 The hungry fysshe feares not the bayte to brooke,
 Tyll up the lyne doe pluck hym by the gylles,
 And fast in throte hee feeles the deadly booke.

The editor of the *Biogr. Dram.* is certainly wrong in stating that there was any edition of this play in 1563, the present being the earliest that was printed, as we may learn from the preface, and from the *Registers of the Stat. Company*. See Collier's *Extracts* from do., vol. i, p. 140; and *Hist. Eng. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 14; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 206; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 10; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets.*, p. 494; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 696. At the end of the volume, on the last page, is a woodcut of St. John the Evangelist, the device of Robert Wyer, whom Colwell succeeded. This rare play sold in Rhodes's Sale, No. 2412, for 7*l.* 10*s.*; Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 2332, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Russia, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.)—The Praise, Antiquity, and commodity of
 Beggery, Beggers, and Begging. By Iohn Taylor.

At London Printed by E. A. for Henry Gosson, and are
 to be sold by Edward Wright neere Christs Church Gate.
 1621. 4to, pp. 28.

A curious woodcut frontispiece adorns the title page of this rare tract, having on the left "Beggers Bush" with two of the fraternity seated on the ground under it; in the centre "A Maundering Begger" with a label from his mouth "Beggers all"; and on the right the figure of "A gallant Begger." It is dedicated in the following highly humorous and characteristic manner to Archie, the Court Jester of James I. "To the bright Eye-dazeling Mirrour of Mirth, Adelantado of Alacrity, the Pump of Pastime, Spout of Sport, and Regent of ridiculous Confabulations, *Archibald Armstrong*, alias the Court *Archy*." In this dedication, which is wholly omitted in the folio edition of his collected works, the author thus refers to some of his former pieces: "I did once dedicate a Booke to your patronage of the supposed drowning of *M. Thomas Coriat*, and I did also dedicate three small Treatises

to a Leash of Knights; and because you all foure make a well match'd *Murniuall* of Patrons (for you all alike very illiberally put your hands in your pockets, and to make your monies euen, gave me nothing:) it makes me the bolder at this time to come upon you againe, not doubting but your bounty will requite my loue and paines with as much more." This tract is in verse, and is entirely filled with the praises of mendicity, the freedom and happiness of which state is thus not unpleasingly described :

Thus all degrees and states, what e're they are,
 With beggers happinesse cannot compare:
 Heav'n is the roofe that canopies his head
 The cloudes his curtaines, and the earth his bed,
 The Sunne his fire, the starre's his candle light,
 The Moone his Lampe that guides him in the night.
 When scorching *Sol* makes other mortals sweat,
 Each tree doth shade a begger from his heat:
 When nipping Winter makes the Cow to quake,
 A begger will a Barne for harbour take,
 When Trees and Steeples are or'e-turn'd with winde,
 A begger will a hedge for shelter finde:
 And though his inconueniences are store,
 Yet still he hath a salue for eu'ry sore,
 He for new fashions, owes the Tayler nothing,
 Nor to the Draper is in debt for cloathing:
 A begger doth not begger nor deceaue
 Others, by breaking like a bankrupt Knaue,
 He's free from shoulder-clapping Sergeant's clawes,
 He's out of feare of Enuies canker'd iawes:
 He lives in such a safe and happy state,
 That he is neither hated, nor doth hate.

In representing a state of beggery as the usual attendant upon the genius and the poet, Taylor makes mention of the beautiful and well-known song of Marlow, "My mind to me a kingdom is," and the short quotation immediately after from that poet, with his name introduced in the margin, is a concurrence deserving of the reader's notice.

And though a Poet haue th' accomplish'd partes
 Of Learning, and the Axiomes of all Artes:
 What though he study all his braines to dust,
 To make his Fame immortall, and not rust,
 Reuoluing day by day, and night by night,
 And waste himselfe in giuing others light,

Yet this is, all the Guerdon he shall haue
 That begg'ry will attend him to his Graue.
 He (in his owne conceit) may haue this blisse
 And sing, *My minde to me a kingdome is.*
 But 'tis a Kingdome wanting forme or matter,
 Or substance, like the Moonshine in the water.

- Chris. Marlo. For as a learned* Poet wrote before
 Grosse Golde runnes headlong from them, to the Bore,
 For which this vnauoyded Vow I'll make,
 To loue a Begger for a Poet's sake.

The following picture of the freedom and delights of the country, and the sweet charms of nature open alike to all Gods creatures — the begger equally with the rich, is well painted, and is superior to the general run of Taylor's poetry.

His musicke waytes on him in euery bush,
 The Mauiſ, Bulfinch, Blackbird, and the Thrush :
 The mounting Larke sings in the lofty Sky,
 And Robin Redbreast makes him melody.
 The Nightingale chants most melodiously,
 The chirping Sparrow, and the chattering Pye.
 My neighbour Cuckow, alwayes in one tune,
 Sings like a Townsman still in May and Iune.
 These feather'd Fiddlers sing, and leape, and play,
 The begger takes delight, and God doth pay.
 Moreover (to accomplish his Content)
 There nothing wants to please his sight or scent.
 The Earth embrodered with the varicus hew
 Of Greene, Red, Yellow, Purple, Watchet, Blew :
 Carnation, Crimson, Damaske spotless White,
 And every colour that may please the sight.
 The odoriferous Mint, the Eglantine,
 The Woodbine, Primrose, and the Cowslip fine,
 The Honisuckle, and the Daffadill,
 The fragrant Time, delights the Begger still.
 He may plucke Violets in any place
 And Rue, but very seldome hearbe of Grace :
 Hearts-ease he hath, and Loue, and Idle both,
 It in his bones hath a continuall growth.
 His Drinke he neuer doth goe farre to looke,
 Each Spring's his Host, his Hostesse is each Brooke :
 Where he may quaffe and too't againe by fits,
 And neuer stand in feare to hurt his wits.

Mr. Heber was of opinion that "this is one of the rarest of Taylor's tracts." It is included in the folio edition of his works, but without the dedication. From Sir Francis Freeling's collection.

Half bound Brown Calf.

TAYLOR, (JOHN).-- *Superbiæ Flagellum, or, The Whip of Pride.*
By John Taylor.

London Printed by G. Eld. 1621. Sm. 8vo.

Prefixed to this poetical tract is a very neatly engraved frontispiece, on copper, of a naked boy representing simplicity, with a whip or scourge in his right hand, and holding in his left a peacock, an emblem of pride. Opposite to this are ten lines of verse, containing "the meaning of the frontispiece." The dedication is inscribed "To the Right Worshipfull, Worthy, and Learned Gentleman, Sr Thomas Richardson Knight, Serjeant-at-Law, and Speaker in the High Court of Parliament," &c., and has a double anagram on his name, with six lines underneath. This is succeeded by a prose epistle to the reader addressed "To no matter who, no great matter where, yet to be read there is matter why, although not much matter when." In this epistle he thus alludes to himself, and his former writings, and declares his future intentions. "Wherefore I having a talent of knowledge lent me, by which I know that I must render an account one day, how I haue imployed it, and having written neere forty seuerall pamphlets in former times, I purpose henceforward (God willing) to redeeme the time I haue so mispent, imploying my Pen in such exercises (which though they be not free from a rellish of mirth, yet they shall be cleare from profanation, scurrility, or obscenness. I do know Pride is at such a height, that my Mole-hill Muse can neuer by mincing at her foote, shake her head, for where Diuinity preuailes not, Poetry in meddling doth but shew the Sun's brightness with a Candle. Yet forasmuch as I know that Pride cast Angels out of Heauen, made diuels in hell, threw man out of Paradise, was a maine causer of the drowning of the first World, is a deuowrer of this world, and shall euer be accursed in the world to come, by this knowledge, I haue with a mix'd inuectiue mildnesse, shewed in this Booke the vanities of all sorts of Pride, not that I hope for amendment, but to shew my honest intendment."

A short poetical address follows, entitled "A few Lines to small purpose,

against the Scandalous Aspersions, that are either maliciously, or ignorantly cast vpon the poets and poems of these times"; in which, speaking of those, who, by their knowledge of languages, stole from others by translating their works, and thus "made others verse their own," he says

For mine owne part, my Conscience witness is,
 I ne're was guilty of such theft as this,
 Unto such robbery I could neuer reach
 Because I understand no forreigne speech.
 To prooue that I am from such fleching free,
 Latin and French are heathen-Greeke to me,
 The Grecian, and the Hebrew Characters,
 I know as well, as I can reach the Starres.
 The sweete Italian, and the Chip Chop Dutch,
 I know the man i'th Moore can speake as much.
 Should I from English Authours but purloyne,
 It would be soone found counterfeited coyne.
 Then since I cannot steale, but some will spy,
 I'll truely use mine owne, let others lye.
 Yet to excuse the writers, that now write,
 Because they bring no better things to light:
 'Tis because bounty from the world is fled,
 True liberality is almost dead.
 Reward is lodg'd in darke obliuion deepe,
 Bewicht (I thinke) into an endlesse sleepe,
 That though a man in study take great paines,
 And empt his veines, and puluerize his braines,
 To write a Poem well, which being writ
 With all his Iudgement, Reason, Art, and Wit,
 And at his owne charge, print and pay for all,
 And giue away most free, and liberall
 Two, three, or foure, or fise hundred bookes,
 For his reward he shall haue nods and lookes;
 That all the profit a man's paines hath gat,
 Will not suffice one meale to feed a Cat.
 Yet noble Westminster, thou still art free,
 And for thy bounty I am bound to thee:
 For hadst not thou, and thy Inhabitants
 From time to time relieu'd and help'd my wants,
 I had long since bid Poetry adieu,
 And therefore still my thanks shall be to you.
 Next to the Court, in generall I am bound
 To you, for many friendships I haue found.
 There (when my purse hath often wanted baite)
 To fill or feed it, I haue had receipte.

It is from his own writings that the principal circumstances of Taylor's life and his acquirements may be known; and we think that, on a careful and enlarged examination of these, much may still be acquired which has not hitherto been noticed, and some further interesting particulars of his life be found, especially from those tracts which give an account of his own travels in various parts of the kingdom, and relate many of his personal adventures and anecdotes.

The present work is descriptive of the different sorts of pride which prevail in the world — pride of birth, dress, riches, human knowledge, learning, beauty, strength, &c. — and contains much of Taylor's good common sense, expressed in strong but homely language. The opening is remarkable, and worth quoting:

If any man
fetch his
story higher
let him take
my booke
for nought.

When all things were as wrap'd in sable night,
And Ebon darkness muffled up the light:
When neither Sun, nor Moone, nor Starres had shin'd,
And when no fire, no Water, Earth, or Winde,
No Harrest, Autumne, Winter, when no Spring,
No Bird, Beast, Fish, nor any creeping thing,
When there was neither Time, nor place, nor space,
And silence did the *Chaos* round embrace:
Then did the Archworkmaster of this All,
Create this Massy Vniversall Ball.
And with his mighty word brought all to passe,
Saying but *Let there Be*, and done it was.
Let there be Day, Night, Water, Earth, Hearbs, Trees,
Let there be Sun, Moone, Stars, Fish, Fowle that flees,
Beasts of the Field, he said but, *Let there be*,
And all things were created as we see.
Thus every sensible and senselesse thing
The High-Creators Word to passe did bring:
And as in viewing all his workes he stood,
He saw that all things were exceeding good.
Thus having furnisht Seas, and Earth, and Skies,
Abundantly with all varieties,
Like a magnificent and sumptuous Feast,
For th' entertainment of some welcome Guest,
When Beasts and Birds, and every living Creature,
And the Earth's fruits did multiply by Nature;
Then did th' Eternall Trinity betake
It selfe to Councell, and said, *Let vs make*,
Not *Let there be*, as vnto all things else,
But *Let vs Make Man*, that the rest excels, &c.

We give another short extract in which Taylor deplores the great increase of pride and expense, and the consequent decay of the old country hospitality.

But since the Leprosie of Pride hath spread
The world all over, from the foot to head:
Good bounteous house keeping is quite destroy'd,
And large revenewes other waies imploy'd.
Meanes that would foure men meate and meanes allow,
Are turn'd to garters, and to roses now,
That which kept twenty in the dayes of old,
By Sathan is turn'd sattin, silke, and gold,
And one man now in garments he doth weare,
A thousand akers, on his backe doth beare,
Whose auncestours in former times did giue
Meanes for a hundred people well to live.
Now all is shrunke, (in this vain glorious age)
T^r attire a coach, a footeman, and a page,
To dice, drinke, drabs, tobacco, haukes, and hounds
These are th' expence of many thousand pounds,
Whilst many thousands starve, and dayly perish,
For want of that which these things vs'd to cherish.

The following lines refer to two curious pamphlets which had appeared anonymously the year before (1620), and were much noticed at the time, but are now become exceedingly scarce.

- Two invective pamphlets against the monstrous and shapelesse disguises of men and women.
- The Denill laugh'd lately at the stinking stir
We had about **Ille Mulier* and *Hæc Vir*,
The Masculine apparel'd Feminine,
The Woman-Man Man-Womau, chuse you whether,
The Female-Male, Male-Female, both, yet neither.

The remainder of the passage, which is too coarse for quotation, alludes to a celebrated character called Mull'd Sack, who was hanged in Smithfield, and was the subject of another pamphlet printed in the same year as the others.

The present tract, with the engraved frontispiece and explanation, is exceedingly scarce. It sold in Bright's Sale, No. 5528, for 2*l.* 19*s.*

Fine copy. Bound by C. Smith.

In Calf extra, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.)—Superbiæ Flagellum, or, The Whip of Pride.

By John Taylor.

London, Printed by G. Eld. 1621. Sm. 8vo.

Another copy of the same tract, but without the engraved frontispiece and verse of explanation. It varies also from the former in being dedicated "To the Right Honorable and truly Noble Lord William Seymour, Baron Beauchampe, and Earle of Hartford," thus shewing that like some others of his contemporaries, Taylor was in the habit of printing different dedications to the same volume, with a view of obtaining pecuniary reward from various patrons. We have previously alluded to this curious early literary practice, which has also been noticed by other writers.

In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.)—The Needles Excellency. A New Booke wherin are diuers Admirable Workes wrought with the Needle. Newly inuented and cut in Copper for the pleasure and profit of the Industrious.

London Printed for Henry Boler, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Marigold in Paules Church yard. The 12th Edition enlarged wth diuers newe workes in needle-workes, purles, and others, never before printed. 1640. 4to.

The above title is at the top of an engraved frontispiece on copper, representing a garden, in the front of which are three female figures—Industrie in the centre, seated at the foot of a tree, at work with her needle, with Wisdome and Follie on either side. The letter-press consists of seven pages only, entirely in verse in double columns. After the poem entitled "The Praise of the Needle," there "follow certaine Sonnets in the Honorable memory of Queenes and great Ladies, who have bin famous for their rare Inventions and practise with the Needle." Some lines addressed "To all degrees of both sexes that love or live by the laudable imployment of the Needle," signed John Taylor, conclude the literary portion. After this are thirty plates, engraved on copper, of patterns of needle-work of various kinds. Some of the plates contain four or five patterns on each, and are much like those adopted by the ladies of the present day in their crochet and other needle-work. Although this is the twelfth edition, the work is exceedingly rare, and was considered such even so far back as eighty years ago, when it is mentioned as "a very scarce book" by the Kentish antiquary, John Thorpe, editor of the *Custumale Roffense*, in a letter

to Dr. Ducarel. When the first edition was printed we have no means of ascertaining, nor have we ever seen another copy of the work than the present, but it seems more than probable that its scarceness may have arisen from its great popularity among the fair sex as a pattern book for their work, which may thus have caused its continual destruction. On this account it may be somewhat amusing to our readers, and especially the *stitching* part of them, to hear the remarks of the writer in "Praise of the Needle."

A Needle (though it be but small and slender)
 Yet it is both a maker and a mender :
 A grave Reformer of old Rents decay'd
 Stops holes and seams, and desperate cuts display'd.
 And thus without the Needle we may see,
 We should without our Bibs and Biggins beo
 No Shirts or Smockes, our nakednesse to hide,
 No garments gay, to make us magnifide :
 No shadowes, Shapparoones, Caules, Bands, Ruffs, Cuffs,
 No Kirchiefes, Quoyfes, Chin-clouts, or Marry-Muffes,
 No Cros-cloaths, Aprons, Handkerchiefes, or Falls,
 No Table-cloathes for Parlours or for Halls.
 No Sheetes, no Towels, Napkins, Pillow-beares,
 Nor any Garment man or woman weares.
 Thus is a Needle prou'd an Instrument
 Of profit, pleasure, and of ornament.
 Which mighty Queenes haue grac'd in hand to take
 And high borne Ladies, such esteeme did make
 That as their Daughters, Daughters up did grow,
 The Needles Art, they to their children show.

The following enumeration of the various countries from whence the patterns have been brought, and the different kinds of *stitch* employed by the ladies in their needle-work, is also curious, and many of the terms will be recognized by our readers as being still in common use. Indeed the old proverb, "there is nothing new under the sun," like many other popular sayings, has a greater degree of truth than many would be willing to allow. The infrequency, however, of absolute invention, especially in matters of costume, and indeed of art generally, renders it more truthful in respect to those subjects than to many others; and they who pursue the history of dress and clothing for any lengthened period must inevitably be struck with the numerous imitations of older customs constantly revived as new. The chateelain was worn centuries ago by our ancestors, and the work now under

consideration, will prove incontestably that the modern rage for what is termed crochet work existed to an equal extent under forms very slightly varied from those at present used, more than two centuries ago.

All sortes of workes, almost that can be nam'd,
 Here are directions how they may be fram'd :
 And for this kingdomes good are hither come
 From the remotest parts of Christendome,
 Collected with much paines and iudustry,
 From scorching *Spaine*, and freezing *Muscovie*,
 From fertile *France*, and pleasant *Italy*,
 From *Poland*, *Sweden*, *Denmarke*, *Germany*,
 And some of these rare Patternes have beene fet
 Beyond the bounds of faithlesse *Mahomet* :
 From spaciouse *China*, and those Kingdomes East,
 And from great *Mexico*, the Indies West,
 Thus are these workes, *farre fetcht*, and *dearely bought*
 And consequently good for Ladies thought.
 Nor doe I derogate (in any case)
 Or doe esteeme of other teachings base
 For *Tent-workes*, *Raisd-workes*, *Laid-workes*, *Frost-workes*, *Net-workes*,
 Most curious *Purles*, or rare *Italian Cutworkes*,
 Fine *Ferne-stitch*, *Finny-stitch*, *New-stitch*, and *Chain-stitch*,
 Brave *Bred-stitch*, *Fisher-stitch*, *Irish-stitch*, and *Queen-stitch*,
 The *Spanish-stitch*, *Rosemary-stitch*, and *Mowse-stitch*,
 The smarting *Whip-stitch*, *Back-stitch*, and the *Crosse-stitch*,
 All these are good, and these we must allow,
 And these are every where in practise now :
 And in this Booke, there are of these some store
 With many others, never seene before.

As the "certaine Sonnets" have already been cited in an article on this work in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 5, it will be sufficient here to quote two of the most interesting, both of them addressed to personages of the greatest celebrity and renown.

4.

*Elizabeth Queene of England, and Daughter
 to King Henry the eight.*

When this great Queene, whose memory shall not
 By any terme of time be over-cast ;
 For when the world, and all therein shall rot
 Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last.
 When she a maid, had many troubles past

From Iayle to Iayle, by *Maries* angry spleene:
 And *Woodstocke*, and the *Tower* in prison fast
 And after all was Englands Peerelesse Queene.
 Yet howsoeuer sorrow came or went,
 She made the Needle her companion still,
 And in that exercise her time she spent,
 As many living yet doe know her skill.
 Thus shee was still, a Captive, or else crown'd,
 A Needle-woman Royall, and renown'd.

5.

*The Right Honourable, Vertuous, and learned
 Lady Mary, late Countesse of Pembroke.*

A Patterne, and a Patronesse she was,
 Of vertuous industry and studious learning:
 And shee her earthly Pilgrimage did passe,
 In Acts which were high honour most concerning;
 Brave *Wilton* house in *Wiltshire* well can show
 Her admirable workes in Arras fram'd:
 Where men and beasts, seeme like, trees seeme to grow,
 And Art (surpass'd by Nature) seemes asham'd,
 Thus this renowned Honourable Dame,
 Her happy time most happily did spend;
 Whose worth recorded in the mouth of fame,
 (Vntill the world shall end) shall neuer end,
 She wrought so well in Needle-worke, that shee
 Nor yet her workes, shall ere forgotten be.

See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 5; and *Restituta*, vol. iv, p. 223. There are copies of this work in the British Museum, and in Douce's collection in the Bodleian Library, both of the edition of 1640. A copy in Skegg's Sale, No. 1771, brought 6*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* The present one is inlaid, and appears to be deficient in either one or two of the plates.

Bound in Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.)—Jack a Lent: His Beginning and Entertainment: with the mad pranks of his Gentleman-Usher Shroue-Tuesday that goes before him, and his Foot-man Hunger attending.

With new additions, dedicated both to the Butchers fare-well and the Fishmongers Entrance: written to choake Melancholy, and to feed Mirth. By John Tailor.

London printed for I. T. and are to be sold at Christ Church Gate. 1620. 4to.

Another of the multitudinous pieces of this most prolific author, and perhaps one of the most humorous. It has a singular woodcut on the title-page containing three figures — Jack a Lent in the middle, booted and spurred, riding on a nondescript sort of fish with four legs, preceded by Shrove Tuesday, in the shape of a jolly fat person, with a frying pan on his shoulder, and followed by Hunger, a tall lank figure, carrying some sprats on a pole in one hand, and a sword in the other. The dedication is “To the Fishmongers and Butchers,” and is written in an amusing style. The tract, which is in black letter, is, for the most part, in prose, but is introduced by the following humorous lines:

Jack a Lent.

Of *Iacke an Apes* I list not to endite
 Nor of *Iack Daw* my Gooses quill shall write:
 Of *Iack of Newbery* I will not repeat,
 Nor *Iack of both sides*, nor of *Skip-Iacke* neate.
 To praise the Turn-spit *Iacke* my Muse is mum,
 Nor of the entertainment of *Iacke Drum*
 I'll not rehearse: nor of *Iacke Dogge*, *Iacke Date*,
Iacke foole or *Iacke a Dandy* I relate:
 Nor of *Blacke Iacks* at gentle Buttry bars,
 Whose liquor oftentimes breeds household wars:
 Nor *Iacke of Dover* that Grand Jury *Iacke*,
 Nor *Iack Sawce* (the worst kuauc amongst the pack.)
 But of the *Iacke of Iacks*, Great *Iacke a Lent*,
 To write his worthy acts is my intent;
 How hee's attended with a messe of *Iacks*,
 Whose fame my artlesse weake inneution cracks,
Iack Herring and *Iack Sprat*, *Iack Straw*, *Iack Cade*,
 These are the *Iacks* with which my pen must trade.

The description of Shrove Tuesday is highly amusing and characteristic. “Always before Lent there comes waddling a fat grosse bursten-gutted groome, called Shrove Tuesday, one whose manners shewe that hee is better fed than taught: and indeed hee is the onely monster for feeding amongst:

all the dayes of the yeere, for hee deuoures more flesh in fourteene houres, then this whole kingdome doth (or at the least should do) in six weekes after: such boyling and broyling, such roasting and toasting, such stewing and brewing, such, baking, frying, mincing, cutting, carving, deuouring, and gorbellyed gurmondizing, that a man would thinke people did in two moneths provision at once into their paunches, or that they did ballast their bellies with meate for a voyage to Constantinople or the West Indies."

In the course of the narrative, the author thus alludes to the great dish of the day, and to the old custom of ringing the pan-cake bell: "All this hurly burly is for no other purpose, but to stop the mouth of this Land-whale Shrove Tuesday. At whose entrance in the morning, all the whole kingdome is in quiet, but by that time the clocke strikes eleven, which (by the helpe of a knavish Sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a Bell rung, call'd *The Pancake Bell*, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetfull eyther of manners or humanitie: Then there is a thing call'd wheaten flowre, which the sulphory Necromanticke Cookes doe mingle with water, Egges, Spice, and other tragicall, magicall, inchantments, and then they put it by little and little, into a Frying pan of boyling Suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing (like the Learnean Snakes in the Reeds of Acheron Stix, or Phlegeton) untill at the last by the skill of the Cookes, it is transform'd into the forme of a Flap iack, which in our translation is call'd a Pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people doe deuoure very greedily (having for the most part well dined before) but they haue no sooner swallowed that sweet candyed baite, but straight their wits forsake them, and they runne starke mad, assembling in routs and throngs numberlesse of ungouerned numbers, with unciuill ciuill commotions."

The whole pamphlet is full of Taylor's richest humour, though of rather a coarse kind, and is much more racy and entertaining than many of his later productions. It is thus alluded to by Henry Hutton in his *Follies Anatomie, or Satyricall Epigrams*, 1610, in his account of a tipling poetaster.

He has a subject he did late invent
Will shame the riming sculler *Jack a Lent*.

Sold in the *Biblioth. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 2803, for 1*l.* 12*s.*; Sir Francis Freeling's Sale, No. 2213, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Half bound in Morocco, neat.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.)—An Armado, or Nauye, of 103 *Ships* and other Vessels; who haue the Art to sayle by Land, as well as by Sea. Morrally Rigd, Mand, Munitiond, Appoynted, Set forth, and Victualled, with 32 sortes of *Ling*: with other Prouisions of *Fish* and *Flesh*. By John Taylor.

The names of the Ships are in the next page.

Anno Millmo, quillimo, trillimo.

London Printed by E. A. for H. Gosson. 1627. 8vo.

A separate leaf opposite the title contains a double woodcut frontispiece, having on the one side an heraldic shield with a ship in the lower part with a cross on the sails, and a lion over it, and on the other side a ship under sail. The Navy here intended in this little tract by its humorous author, consists of a series of words ending with the syllable "ship," a list of which is given on the back of the title-page, viz: Lord-ship, Scholler-ship, Lady-ship, Goodfellow-ship, Apprentice-ship, Court-ship, Friend-ship, Fellow-ship, Footman-ship, Horseman-ship, Surety-ship, Wor-ship, and Woodman-ship. "Besides, there were 7 other needles ships which were in the nature of Voluntaries, or hangers on vpon the Navy, as namely, The Mary Carry-Knaue, The Knaues-encrease, The Superfluous, The Careles, The Idle, The Coxcombe, The Braggard. And what man soeuer he be, that hath, or doth not sayle in some one Ship of this my Fleete, Let him come to me, and I will ship him, and alow him double wages."

The tract is dedicated "To the right Worshipfull and truly Generous Sir John Fearn Knight." After which is "The Description how the whole Nauy is victualled with thirty two sortes of *Ling*, besides other necessaries," consisting of so many words ending with that syllable, as Change-ling, Dar-ling, Shaue-ling, Fond-ling, Tip-ling, &c., and "Why these Ships are called Ships," together with commendatory verses by John Smith and F. Mason. The tract is wholly in prose, with the exception of a portion of the description of a pageant or funeral procession of a horse named "Flea-bitten Otho" belonging to the Emperor Nero, in blank verse. Of the kind of humour displayed in this tract, the following is a brief specimen:

The other Ships and vessels that were in the same Regiment with the Goodfellow-ship, were these.

1. The *Drunken Sisse*, a great Ship, it is thought she was built at Middleborough;

but howsoever shee hath made many voyages into *England*: she is so beloued, that shee needs not presse any man to serue in her: for all sorts of people doe daily come aboard of her, and freely and voluntarily offer her their best service, so that it is a wonder to see how brauely she is man'd: and (many times) women doe take their turnes at helme, and steere their courses as well as men. She is a Ship contrary to all other Ships, for she rowles, reeles, and tumbles, most of all when shee is in a calme harbour; and the more lading she takes in, the more unsteddy she is; for if the sea be as calme as a milke-pan, yet is shee euer tossing, which makes her Mariners sea-sicke, and subject to much *casting*. Her Ordinance are Gallons, Pottles, Quarts, Pints, and the misers Gallon; with three hoop'd pots, Kannes, Goddards: in the which Artillery, almost euery one hath the skill to charge and discharge, maintaining the fight as long as they can either stand or understand. The Master of her is an *Amsterdam'd* man, his name is *Cornelius van Broaken-gulck*, the Master Gunner was onc *Denis Whirlpooles*, a man of *Deepe*, with *Gulph* the Purser, *Swallow* the Bot-swaine, and *Swill* the Steward.

2. The second Ship in the Regiment with the Goodfellow-Ship, was the *Sow of Flushing*, she was a vessell vncseemely to the eye, but yet serviceable.

3. The *Carowse*, a Ship of hot service, and as the Spider suckes the sweetnesse of the fairest flowers, converting their iuice into poyson, so the Saylor in this Ship haue taken a vse to drinke other mens healths, to the amplifying of their owne diseases.

4. The *Quaffe*, a quicke smart Ship, much of the bulke and carriage of the *Carowse*, &c., &c.

See Collier's *Bridge-water Catal.*, p. 307. The present fine copy belonged to Sir Mark M. Sykes, and sold at his Sale, pt. iii, No. 624, for 2*l.* 2*s.*

Bound by Mackenzie.

Olive Morocco, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN).—The Liar. Or, A contradiction to those who in the titles to their Bookes affirmed them to be true, when they were false: although mine are all true, yet I terme them lyes.

Veritas veritatis.

Printed in the yecre, 1641. 4to, pp. 8.

On the title is a woodcut of "The Liar rackt," which is thus described in the tract: "There was a great high thing raised to the height of twelve or fourteene yards, made of iron, whereon he (the Liar) was seated, with two great weights on his toes. and the like on his hands, where he sate in great

paine, if he should chance to ease himself upwards, there were sharpe nailes over his head which would prick him; thus he sate, and thus he suffered, till they had sufficiently made a laughing stock of him: well when hee had suffered enough they let him downe." Taylor's name does not appear on this tract, which is in prose, and consists of four leaves only, but there is no doubt it was one of the very numerous productions of his pen. It is satirical, and evidently alludes to some particular writer of that period. We quote one or two of the items, referring to Archbishop Laud, the Queen, Suckling, Davenant, &c.

Item, he related unto them that the Bishop of Canterbury was little better than a Papist, and that he was committed for that occasion to the Tower, and that he was not like to be freed from thence till he came with his heeles forward.

Item, he reported that *Q. M.* was to leave the fragrant soile of England, and go into *Italy*.

Item, he related that *Sucklin*, *Davenant*, and *Pearcy* were accused as traytors, and fearing to be hanged, fled for it beyond the Seas, because they would not be chid.

Item, he told them that *Wrens* nest was defiled, and that the Jesuits and Friers had almost wept their eyes out for his fall.

Item, all the Brownists and Anabaptists, and the like, of what age soever, that shall come to be baptized, may have a twenty shilling piece laid on his forehead, as soone as the Minister shall have signed him with the signe of the Crosse.

This tract is not included in the list of Taylor's works, amounting to eighty-four, given by Mr. Park in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 12, nor is it mentioned by Lowndes. It is of the greatest rarity, and we do not find it in the collection of this writer's productions sold in the *Bibl. Heberiana*, nor in any other sale catalogue.

Beautiful copy. Bound by Mackenzie.

Red Morocco elegant, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.)—Religious Enemies. With a Brief and Ingenious Relation, as by Anabaptists, Brownists, Papists, Familists, Atheists, and Foolists, sawcily presuming to tosse Religion in a Blanquet. By John Taylor.

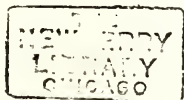
Printed at London for Thomas Bates in the Old-bailey.
1641. 4to, pp. 8.

On the title-page is a woodcut with four figures, The Anabaptist, The Brownist, The Familist, and The Papist, holding a blanket, one at each

corner, and tossing the Bible upon it. This brief tract of four leaves only, like the last, is in prose, and is intended to describe "the diverse and erroneous opinions of the enemies of religion against the truths of the Gospel," which it states, "was received into this Kingdome, when Lucius was King heere, and Eleutherius was then Bishop of Rome, who was the thirteenth Bishop of that See, Anno. 179, so that the Institution and Practice of our Church and religion hath continued amongst us neere 1500. yeares, except when it was eclipsed by popery, even from the neere time of the death of some of the Apostles or their next successours." Taylor, who was as remarkable for his strong attachment to the church, as he was for his loyalty, was violently opposed to the Puritanical party; and some of his remarks upon the state of the religious divisions in his time, are not, perhaps, altogether inapplicable in some degree to those which prevail at the present day. "Amongst mutable and contentious spirits, Religion is made a Hotelpotch, and as it were tost in a Blanquet, and too many places of England too much *Amsterdamified* by severall opinions. Religion is now become the common discourse and Table-talk in every Taverne and Ale-house, where a man shall hardly find five together in one minde, and yet every one presumes he is in the right. The Booke of Common Prayer which was established by Act of Parliament by that good and godly King *Edward* the sixth, and after re-established by another Parliament, by that unparel'd and peerlesse princeesse Queen *Elizabeth*, and continued since in the happy Raignes of two gracious Kings in the Church of *England* for the service of God these ninetie yeeres; yet one would have it to be cast out now, holding it a false worship; another is angry at the vestments and habits of the Ministry; one will not kneele, another will not stand, one will sit downe, one will not bowe, another will not be uncovered, one holds all good manners to be popery, another that all decencie is superstitious, another that railes are Romish (which is false, for the papists have no railes in their Churches, nor any thing so convenient): One foolishly assumes and presumes to save himselfe, and some of his Neighbours too, by his good workes; another will be saved by a bare and lazie Faith that will doe no worke at all, and thus religion is puffed and blowne to and fro with every wind of doctrine, and as it were tost in a Blanquet; but of this more largely hereafter in another part, which will suddenly be printed, till when and ever, it shall be my hearty prayers, that as there is but one Shepheard, that God in his gracious goodnesse and mercie would make us all one sheep-fold."

Fine copy. Bound by Mackenzie.

Crimson Morocco elegant, gilt leaves.



TAYLOR, (JOHN.)—A Plea for Prerogative: or, Give Cæsar his due. Being the Wheele of Fortune turn'd round: or, The World turned topsie-turvie. Wherein is described the true Subjects loyalty to maintain his Majesties Prerogative and priviledges of Parliament. By Thorny Aylo: alias John Taylor.

Malice, Disloyalty, War, and Sects aspire,
Religion, Peace, Obedience are 'ith mire.
Religion, Peace, Obedience, Love, no doubt,
Though they be loe, the Wheele will turne about.

London, Printed for T. Bankes. 1642. 4to.

We have already noticed one tract by Taylor on the subject of Fortunes Wheele, and we have here another, directed, as many of his short pieces were about this period, against the numerous religious sects, which were then becoming rampant, and divided England.

The mungrill Papist, the Arminian,
The consubstantiall misled Lutheran
The Anabaptists, Brownists, Arians,
Scismaticall Disciplinarians,
These, and more Sects of Separatists besides.

On the title is a woodcut representation of Fortune's Wheele, in which malice, war, sects, and disloyalty, are shewn to be uppermost, and peace, religion, obedience, and love, "are turn'd downwards in the spokes below." The author shews that ingratitude for God's great blessings, and especially for our deliverance from the Powder Plot

Hath dismembred wretched England's state;
Pride, avarice, lust, hath broke our happy peace,
And daily do our sins, and shames increase.
He's a wise man (that without danger) can
Serve God his King, and be an honest man;
For (in these dayes) to speak truth, and do right,
Is paid with scandall, danger, and despight.

But the writer looks for better times, and is still buoyed up with hope "That Fortunes Wheele will shortly turne about," and that peace, love, religion, and obedience, will once more be in the ascendant, and exalted high in the upper spokes of the Wheel.

Bound in Calf, neat.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.) — Mad Fashions, Od Fashions, All out of Fashions, or The Emblems of these Distracted times. By John Taylor.

London. Printed by Iohn Hammond for Thomas Banks. 1642. 4to, pp. 8.

A curious and grotesque woodcut adorns the title of this poetical tract, in which every thing appears reversed, and contrary to the common order of things. In the centre is the figure of a man with breeches, boots, and spurs on his arms, and gloves on his feet; and scattered in other parts, a horse driving a cart, a barrow wheeling a man, a mouse hunting a cat, a hare running after a greyhound, fishes flying in the air, and a church and a candlestick turned up side down, all emblematical of the convulsed and distracted state of the times in church and state. These objects in the woodcut are thus described in the commencement of the tract:

The Picture that is printed in the front
Is like this Kingdome, if you look vpon't:
For if you well doe note it as it is,
It is a Transform'd Metamorphosis.
This Monstrous Picture plainly doth declare
This land (quite out of order) out of square.
His Breeches on his shoulders doe appeare,
His doublet on his lower parts doth weare.
His Boots and Spurs vpon his Armes and Hands,
His Gloves vpon his feet (whereon he stands)
The Church o'return'd (a lamentable show)
The Candlestick above, the light below,
The Cony hunts the Dogge, the Rat the Cat,
The Horse doth whip the Cart (I pray marke that)
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (oh base!)
And Eeles and Gudgeons flie a mighty pace.
And sure this is a Monster of strange fashion,
That doth surpasse all Ovid's Transformation.
And this is England's ease this very day,
All things are turn'd the cleane contrary way.

The tract relates to the disturbed state of the times, the divisions in religious matters, and the struggles of the Puritans; and concludes with the following declaration against the errors and superstitions of Rome:

Th' Almightyes Name be ever prays'd and blest,
That Romish Superstition is suppress,

Wee have no Abbyes, Abbots, Friars, or Monks,
 Nor have we Nuns, or Stewes allow'd for Punks,
 Wee have no Masses, or no Mass-Priests heere,
 But some are hang'd, and some are fled for feare.
 All those that are so bold to stay behind,
 I wish they may like entertainment finde:
 Beades, Bables, Relliques, Tapers, Lamps, or Lights,
 We have no superstitious Romish Rites,
 Wee seek our Pardons from our Heavenly Hope
 And not by works, or favour from the Pope;
 To Saints we make no prayer or Intercession,
 And unto God alone wee make Confession;
 Wee hold no Reall Presence in the Bread,
 And wee doe know King *Charles* our supreme head
 (Beneath God, who hath plac'd him in his Throne)
 For other Supreme, wee acknowledge none.
 No Purgatory, Image, Wood or Stone
 No Stock, or carved Block, wee trust upon,
 Nor is our Church discretion heere so little,
 As to Baptize with Cream, with Salt and Spittle.
 Wee have as many Sacraments, as Heaven
 Ordain'd; which are but two, and Rome hath seven.
 Wee doe not Christen Bells, and give them Names
 Of Simon, Peter, Andrew, John, and James;
 Wee use no Pilgrimage, or Holy-Water,
 Nor in an unknown tongue our Prayers scatter;
 All these, and many more, in Rome are us'd
 Which are by us rejected and refus'd.
 And yet too many faults, alas! remaines,
 Which are the Churches, and the Kingdomes staines,
 The Church Triumphant is not cleere from spots,
 The poore Church Millitant hath still some blots,
 Here's all unperfect, something's still amisse,
 And nothing blest, but in Eternall Blisse.
 Meane time, till wee amend, and leave our crimes,
 The Picture is the Emblem of the times.

A copy of this short piece is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 739, at
 2l. 12s. 6d.; and sold in Sir F. Freeling's Sale, No. 2224, for 1l. 13s.

Fine copy. Bound by Mackenzie.

Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN.) — Aqua-Musæ: or, Cacafogo, Cacadæmon,
 Captain George Wither wrung in the Withers. Being a

short lashing Satyre, wherein the Juggling Rebell is Compendiously finely Firked and Jerked, for his late railing Pamphlet against the King and State, called *Campo-Musæ*.

Deus dabit his quoq: Funem.

By John Taylor.

Printed in the fourth Yeare of the Grand Rebellion.
(1643.) 4to, pp. 16.

Wither had published his *Campo-Musæ* in 1643, in which he had tried hard to defend his tergiversation, and to justify himself in taking up arms on the side of the Parliament. Taylor, who says that he had loved and respected Wither these thirty-five years, because he thought him simply honest, and who was himself remarkable for his feelings of loyalty, indignant at these political changes in his friend, attacked him in this abusive pamphlet, written in answer to the *Campo-Musæ*, in which he is extremely severe and cutting in his remarks on the conduct of Wither, and even goes so far as to accuse him of direct fraud and dishonesty, viz., that he had cheated Dr. Howson, bishop of Durham, whose steward he was, of five-hundred pounds, by making two months of July in one year in his accounts:

But whither *Wither*, doth my fancy flee?
I ought not write in serious phrase to thee,
Thou precious most pernicious *Prelate* hater
To *Durhams* Reverend *Bishop* thou was *Cater*
Or Steward, where to make thy Compts seem cleare,
Thour mad'st two Monthes of July in one yeare,
And in the total Reek'ning it was found
Thou cheat'st the Bishop of five hundred pound.
But thou did'st hold it for no sinne at all,
To rob the Person that's Episcopall.

Taylor accuses him also of being the author of the commendatory verses of himself, which he had got placed under the engraved portrait of himself in some of his works.

Thy Picture to thy Bookes was Printed, put
With curious Workmanship engrav'd and cut:
And Verses under it, were wisely pen'd
Which fooles suppos'd were written by some friend,
Which God knowes, thou, I, and a Thousand know,
Those lines (thy selfe praise) from thy selfe did flow.
Thou doted'st so upon thine owne *Elligies*,

It look'd so smugge, Religious, Irreligious,
 So Amiable, Lovely, Sweet and Fine
 A Phisnomie Poetique and Divine:
 Till (like *Narcissus*) gazing in that Brook,
 Pride drown'd thee, in thy selfe admiring Book.

He alludes ironically to his bravery at the taking of Farnham Castle, of which he was afterwards made Commander, where "a Dogge, two Cats, and an old Woman," were his chief opponents, and reminds him

'Tis known that once within these thirty yeares,
 Thou wast in Jayle for scandalling some Peeres,
 And 'tis not lawfull for a Satyres Pen
 To wrong the Honours of particular Men,
 Which you did, not for any hate you bore
 To Vice or Villany, but that therefore
 You would be famous, and to Prizon committed,
 Whereby you seem'd most wonderfully Witted.

The tract, which is in verse, and styled by its author "a Satyre," is chiefly remarkable for its severity and gross abuse of Wither, and is noticeable also for the frequent repetition by the writer, of the same rhyming termination, there being no less than eighteen to the word "Ambuscadoes," and thirty to that of "Beautifide." It is preceded by a short address in prose "To the Dishonourable, Disworshipfull, Disloyall, and detestable the Rebels, of what Nation, Sex, Sect, Degree, Quality, Ranke, Age, Function, or Condition whatsoever," in which there are some witty allusions to Nash's *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 4to, 1592. Reference is also made by Taylor in the opening of *Aqua-Musæ* to the "*Abuses Stript and Whipt*" — *Motto* — *Britaines Remembrancer*, &c., of Wither, as well as to his *Campo-Musæ*. And he thus severely notices the great change in Wither's political sentiments, with which we conclude our quotations from this tract.

Can he that so much honesty profess
 (As if all honesty had been in 's brest)
 Can he be metamorphos'd to a Knave,
 And write and fight his Sovereigne to out-brave?
 Can his Lines lye (that sweet Peace did desire)
 Yet stirs up Warres, to set the Realme on fire,
 All this is possible, all this is done
 This is *George Wyther*, his owne Mothers Son.
 Now he's great *George* a Horse-back, (mounted high)
 Dares to affront, and raile 'gainst Majesty,
 This is the *George* thus alter'd, thus alter'd

Whose Satyres Goose-quill is transform'd t' a sword
 For whose sake, I protest it with my Pen,
I never will trust Wall-ey'd Jade agen.
 Brave *George*, no *George* of *Cappodocia*,
 But famous *George* of *Braggodocia*,
 Ride on fierce *George*, untill thy high desert
 By Transmutation, make thy Horso a Cart.

See the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 202, note; and Collier's *Bridgw. Catal.*,
 p. 311.

Bound in Olive Morocco, gilt leaves.

TAYLOR, (JOHN).—Epigrammas: Written on purpose to be read:
 With a Proviso, that they may be understood by the Reader:
 being Ninety in number: Besides two new made Satyres that
 attend them. By John Taylor, at the Signe of the Poets
 Head, in Phœnix Alley, neare the middle of Long Aker, in
 Covent Garden.

London, Printed in the Yeare 1651. Sm. 8vo.

One of the latest and also rarest of the works of John Taylor, containing,
 without any prefix, ninety short epigrams, chiefly of four lines each. At
 the end of these are two Satires, the first entitled "Hypocrisie discovered,"
 the other, a "Satyre against swearing, equivocation, mentall reseruatiō, and
 detestable dissimulation." The following are three of the epigrams:

12. *Hang pride.*

Why in gay Garments do fond fooles take pride?
 Cloaths are sins penance, made to hide our shame.
 Had man forborn to sin, no man had dy'd,
 And cloaths (like fig-leaves) cannot hide nor blame.

20. *Beware Hypocrisie.*

He that doth say his Prayers, and goes to bed,
 Forgives his foes, forgets reuenge, and spite,
 And straight wayes hammers mischief in his head;
 The Divell is his bedfellow that night.

34. *Fast and loose.*

Fast bind, fast find: my Bible was well bound;
 A Thiefe came fast, and loose my Bible found;
 Was't bound and loose at once? how can that be?
 'Twas loose for him, although 'twas bound for me.

We do not find this poetical tract of Taylor's noticed in any bibliographical work, and believe it to be very rare.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
 Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

TURBERVILLE, (GEORGE.)—The Eglogs of the Poet. B. Mantuan Carmelitan, turned into English Verse, and set forth with the Argument to euery Egloge by George Turberville Gent. Imprinted at London in Paternoster Rowe, at the signe of the Marmayde by Henrie Bynneman. Anno 1567. Sm. 8vo, blk. lett.

There appears to have been a great fondness in many of the modern Latin poets for imitating the Bucolies of Virgil; and the same inclination afterwards spread, at a later period, to the French and Italian poets. Among the first of these none were more popular than the Eclogues of John Baptist Mantuan, which appeared about the year 1400, and were so much admired, as to be publicly taught in the schools, and to be ranked almost in the light of a classic; a preference which continued for a very long period, these Eclogues being referred to by Drayton, Shakespeare and many of their contemporaries. They were first printed in this country by Wynkyn de Worde in 1519, 4to., who had only just before also given from the same press the Bucolies of Virgil in 1512, 4to. Alexander Barelai had taken them for the model of his own Eclogues in 1514, and they are here for the first time translated into English by George Turberville the poet, who also published a version of the Heroicall Epistles of Ovid in the same year, which was more than once reprinted. The title is ornamented with Bynneman's elegant device of the Mermaid, with his motto "*Omnia tempus habent*," which is also reprinted in the colophon at the end. The dedication is addressed to his uncle, "*Maister Hugh Bamfild Esquier*," and is signed "*Your Nephewe and daylie Orator George Turberville*," after which is a

Preface "To the Reader," in the course of which he thus translates into English the oft-repeated commencement of Horace's Art of Poetry, "*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam,*" &c. :

To set a Manlie heade vpon a Horses necke,
 And all the lims with diuers plumes of diuers hue to decke
 Or paint a womans face aloft to open showe,
 And make the Picture endē in fish, with scaly skinne belowe
 I thinke (my friendes) would cause you laugh and smile to see
 How yt these yl compacted things and members would agree.

Each Eclogue is preceded by "The Argument," in verse; but although called Eclogues, they contain but few descriptions of rural life, but are rather of a moral and didactic kind. We transcribe a few lines descriptive of a bag-pipe blower, as a short specimen of Turberville's translation :

Then with a slaughtered Oxe two days
 we kept a solemne feast,
 And underneath a spreading tree
 the tables were adrest.
Ænophilus was there on whom
 full fraught with *Bacchus* wares
 And making sporte, with willing eyes
 the whole assembly stares.
 With pipe was *Tonius* eke at hand,
 who after meate to shewe
 His skill, the paynted bag-pipe caught
 and gan theron to blowe.
 His alie cheekes with blasting breath
 full wide he made to stroute,
 When he began to puffe the pipe
 he stared all aboute,
 And lifted up his little browes
 and from his lungs full oft
 He drew his winde to fill his bagge
 that being stuffed toft,
 And broosed with his elbowe downe
 did yelde his sound aloft.
 With finger frisking here and there,
 as he was piping aye:
 He call'd the youth from table, and
 inuited them to play,
 And hoppe about the open streetes
 and daunce away the day.

The fourth Eclogue is entirely taken up with a narrative containing a severe attack upon the softer sex, and the alluring arts they adopt to entice

and deceive men ; and after an enumeration of most of the classic females of old, and the names of those, who notwithstanding their power "To woman's yoke did yeelde," the translator thus proceeds :

Lesse hurtes the fiery flashing flake
 lesse raggie Rockes any,
 And lesse the Gleane that Adam did
 expell from heauenly ioy :
 Less spoiles the spitefull steely speare
 and dreadfull darte of Death,
 That quite cuts off the line of life
 and reaves the vitall breath,
 Than woman doth our daylie foe :
 who neuer well content
 With beauties beames that Nature gaue
 doth aye with care invent
 A thousand meanes to make it more
 and fairer to the eyes.
 A golden glistring Fillet to
 hir forehead she applies
 With purple hue hir pallee cheekes
 she pintes and daylie dies.
 By Artes hir lockes she settes in place
 and deckes and dils hir pate :
 By Arte she tempers all hir lookes
 by Arte she guides hir gate.
 She runs before with scudding skips
 the louing man to lure
 And bring to place for follie fitte :
 although she looke demure
 And giue the nay, with all hir heart
 she would on him bestow
 His suite, she strives, but gladly would
 be conquer'de of the foe.
 A Woman to the North east winde
 may well compared bee,
 That gathers up the cloud, and straight
 doth force the samo to flee.
 Abroade by guilefull puffs againe
 and bitter windie blast :
 So she allures, and then she lowres
 upon hir Loue at last.

The Sixth Eclogue commences with a pleasing description of Winter, with a few lines from which we shall close our quotations, which, on account

of the great rarity of the volume, have been somewhat longer than perhaps the merits of the translation would warrant.

Cornix. *Fulica.*

- Cornix.* The wrathfull Winter snowes
 fell Boreas blasts do blowe,
 The ysicles from houses hang:
 The man that earst did sowe
 And till'de his stonie soile,
 hath let a fælde his plowe,
 And takes his ease: the wearie ground
 it selfe doth slumber nowe.
 The Shepphierd hauing shutto
 his dores, and caught his cloake
 Keepes house: *Neera* eke doth sitte
 at home in smothering smoake
 At Chimnie nooke, and plies
 hir pottage Pot apace:
 Earst Sommer for his scalding heate
 (when Sommer was in place)
 That was so much myslikte,
 is now commended sore:
 And Winter hated is of us
 for whom we wisht before.
- Fulica.* All present pleasure we
 but little worth esteeme,
 Surpassyng that which is to come
 (the hoped good) we deeme:
 Euen so the farther off the light
 the more the light doth seeme.
- Cornix.* Eche Time and ery Age
 his pleasure brynges with it.

At the end is a separate leaf, containing the colophon, with Bynneman's device as before, with the date 1567, and another leaf with a list of the "Faultes escaped in Printing."

Warton, who was ignorant of any earlier edition of Turbervile's translation than that in 1594, has alluded to the high estimation in which Mantuan was held at the time, from the speech of Holofernes in Shakespeare's *Loves Labour Lost*, act iv, sc. 3,* in which he quotes a line from one of his

* Steevens, in a note to this passage in *Loves Labour Lost*, mentions a translation of Mantuan made before the time of Shakespeare, with the Latin printed on the opposite page; but no work of the kind has been met with by the present writer.

Eclogues. And they are thus alluded to by Barclay, who took Mantuan for his model in his Eclogues, which appear to have been composed about 1514, but were not printed till much later :

And in like maner, nowe lately in our dayes
Hath other poetes attempted the same wayes
As the most famous Baptist Mantuan
The best of that sort since poets first began, &c.

Although Bynneman had licence, in 1566, "for prynting of a booke intituled the Rest of the Eglogues of Mantuan," there is no reason for believing that any portion of them were printed separately, or came out earlier than the present complete edition in 1567. It is unnoticed by Ames or Herbert. Another edition was printed by Bynneman in 1572, *blk. lctt.*, of which there was a copy in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, 1486, and again by the same in 1577. Another edition was printed by John Danter in 1594, 8vo, and again in 1597. See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii, pp. 81, 88, and vol. iv, p. 247; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 317; and Fry's *Bibliogr. Mem.*, p. 54. The copy in the King's Library, now in the British Museum, which is the only other one known, wants the colophon, but the preliminary leaves and text agree with this copy. The present is a beautiful volume, clean as when first printed, and is bound by Bedford, out of the vellum wrapper,

In Morone Morocco, gilt leaves.

VANDER NOODT, (JOHN.)—A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, as also the greates ioyes and pleasures which the faithfull do enioy. An Argument both profitable and delectable, to all that sincerely loue the word of God. Deuised by S. Iohn vander Noodt. Seene and allowed according to the order appointed.

Imprinted at Loudon by Henry Bynneman. Anno Domini 1569. Sm. 8vo, *blk. lctt.*

Cum Privilegio.

This very curious and rare volume well merits attention, not merely from its scarcity, which is extreme, but from its prose contents, its singular

woodeuts, and from its containing, not only some very early specimens of English blank verse, but also some of the earliest poems of Spenser. The title is within a woodcut border, on the reverse of which are the arms of Queen Elizabeth neatly engraved within a garter, on which is inscribed the usual motto, and surmounted by the crown. The work commences with commendatory verses in Latin, inscribed "In commendationem operis ab Nobiliss: et virtutis Studiosissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt Patricio. Antverpiensi æditi, Carmen. M. Rabilæ Poete Brabant"; and eight other lines in the same language entitled "Doctor Gerardus Goossenius Medicus, Physicus and Poeta Brabant. moder. in Zoilum Octastichon." These are followed by a long well-written and highly complimentary dedication by the author to Queen Elizabeth, which he thus introduces, "After my departure out of Brabante (myne owne naturall Countrey) into your Maiesties Realme of Englande (moste gracious Lady) as well for that I would not beholde the abhominations of the Romyshe Antechrist, as to escape the handes of the bloud thirsty: In the meane space for the avoyding of idlenesse (the very mother and nourice of all vices) I haue among other my trauayles bene occupied aboute thys little Treatyse, wherin is sette forth the vilenesse and basenesse of worldely things whiche commonly withdrowe vs from heauenly and spirituall matters. To the ende that vnderstanding the vanitie and basenesse of the same, and therewithall considering the miserable calamities that ensue therupon, we might be moued the rather to forsake them, and gyue oure selues to the knowledge of heauenly and eternall things, whence all true happinesse and felicitie doth procede. And for as much as the matter of itselfe is very good (deseruyng in dede to be handeled by men of farre better skil than I) I could not deuise how any thing whatsoeuer, of lykenesse and couenience mighte more properly bee resembled one to the other, than this boke for the aptnesse, and coueniencie of the argument might be dedicated to your Maiestie, a most blessed and happie prince. Happy I say, not so much for that your grace is lineally descended by the most high, puissant, mightie and victorious prince Henry the eight of famous memorie, from so many myghtie and puissant princes of this Realme, your Maiesties moste noble progenitours: which have long agoone most valiantly and victoriously cōquered al *France*, and by dint of sword daunted their enemies, so that youre highnesse beareth in Armes as right inheritour thereunto, the royall scepter and Cronne imperiall, most triūphantly, and the titles of *Englande*, *Fraunce*, and *Irelande* ioyntely in your Maiesties stile. Neither for that your highnesse as a rare *Phœnix* of your time, are singular and peerelesse

in honoure and renoune; in princely maiestie, wisdom, skil, beautie, fauour, mildnesse, curtesie, and gentlenesse: to be short, excellent in all kind of vertue. Nor in respecte of youre learning, knowledge, counsell, iudgement, and eloquence, as well in the Greeke, Latine, Italian, French, Dutch, as in your owne natural English, and other languages, wherin your grace may be resembled not only to *Tullie*, and *Demosthenes*, but to *Mercurie*, the God of eloquence, as is apparant by youre Maiesties moste apte and wise aunswers giuen in your own person to al Embassadors, and to euery of them in their owne naturall language with a singular dexteritie and princely maiestie, and with maruellous swetenesse of tong. Nor because your grace is expert in song, and in the arte of Musike, skilful in all kindes of musical instrumēt, and according to the exact proportions of geometrie exquisite in the measures of the daunce: and besides al these, embraced of *Apollo*, and his nine sisters, by whome your grace is so instructed in the diuine Arte of Poetrie, that you may woorthily be called the seconde *Sappho*. Neither for your great skil and iudgemēt in painting and imagerie, bothe for the cunning of the workmanshyps and the deuise and storie. In summe, perfect in all good exercises of the wit, namely the artes and liberall sciences. Finally, not alonly for that nature of her boūtie and goodnesse hath shewed suche grace and speciall fauour toward you by enduing youre grace moste plentyfully with infinite graces and vertues more abundantly than any other Prince or Princesse in the worlde, so that it might serue me for a sufficient argument to fill large volumes, only to stande in commendation of your maiestie, not annexing therto any deuise of myne owne, of fained Emblemes or Poetical fables, and that without vsing flatterie or glōsing, as they do most cōmonly, that ambitiously seeking after prefermentes and honoure, disguise rather than describe noble and honorable personages whome they sette oute many times beyonde al truth, yea sometime aboute measure," &c., &c. He then speaks of Queen Elizabeth as having been chosen of God "to be his champion to defend his beloued church." "And in this respect (like as all faithfull and true Christiā princes throughout all *Europe* do esteeme and repute you) do I also, and that of good right call your grace a moste happie and blessed Prince. Consider, I beseeche you, how God hath blessed your Maiestie in thys worlde more than he hath done any of your progenitours. For neuer was it seene in any age or time heretofore, that this your realme of *England* hath flourished as it dothe at this present vnder your Maiesties moste happie gouernement. Firste in all kinde of liberall artes and sciences. Secundarily in the abun-

dance of treasure, as well golde and siluer as all sortes of riche and precious Jewels and ornamentes. Thirdely, in the free passage and trafike of all kinde of marchandise: Besides this, in good and politike lawes and ordinances, namely in the due execution of iustice, according to law and equitie. The worde of God is purely preached here in six or seuen languages. The Sacraments of Baptisme and the holy Snpper, sincerely ministred according to Christs institution. Christian discipline in due force in many places. Finally euery countrey and nation, that will liue here according to his holy worde, is receiued, and findeth good entertainment. O how happy and blessed is that King or kingdome, where these things are in force." And after speaking of those Princes, who "rejecting Christ, receiue that anti-christ, the sonne of the Diuell," acted contrariwise, and of those who had been compelled by persecution to leaue their own country, and to "depart into Germany into the territorie and dominion of Fredericke prince Elector and couñte Palatine, the floure of all Christian Princes in these dayes in the feruent zeale and true feare of God, a man worthy to be compared with *Dauid* or *Iosias*"; and of the safe harbour which England afforded, "where we liue, (God be thanked) under your Maiesties protection, and safegarde in greate libertie to serue God in eyther language, the French or the Dutche, without al feare of tyrantes, or daunger of the gapyng throates of greedie rauening wolues," he concludeth with a prayer to God for her Majesty, her Council, and her Officers, and with presenting to her this small Treatise of his, as the best Jewel that he had in store, beseeching her to accept the same, and "praying to Almighty God to graunt vnto her Maiestie a moste happie reign in this world: and after this life to reigne with him for euer, for his only son our Lorde Iesus Christes sake." The epistie is dated "at London your Maiesties Citie and seate royal. The 25. of May 1569. Your Maiesties most humble seruant Iean vander Noodt."

The most singular part of the volume now commences, consisting of a series of epigrams and sonnets, opposite to each of which is a woodcut engraving, emblematic of the subjects contained in them, and very spiritedly executed. The epigrams, which are six in number, are translations of Petrarch's Sonnets by Edmund Spenser, and were published again in the folio edition of that author's poems printed in 1591. They are among the earliest productions of Spenser's muse, and from the circumstance of his having been born in 1550, and their being published in this work in 1569, the year in which he entered the university of Cambridge, must have been written when he was not more than sixteen years of age. These are concluded by the following lines:

My Song thus now in thy conclusion
 Say boldly that these same six visions
 Do yelde unto thy lorde a sweete request
 Ere it be long within the earth to rest.

The sonnets are fifteen in number, and are translations from the Visions of Bellay, a French writer, whom Spenser has honoured by giving to some of them an English dress. As these are some of the earliest specimens of blank verse in our language, we quote two of them as examples, which will be found, for the period at which they were written, to be sufficiently smooth and harmonious. The following is a description of the Phœnix:

I saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
 With feeble flight venture to mount to heauen,
 By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,
 Still folowing th'exemple of hir damme:
 I saw hir rise, and with a larger flight
 Surmount the toppes euen of the hiest hilles,
 And pierce the cloudes and with hir wings to reache
 The place where is the temple of the Gods.
 There was she lost, and sodenly I saw
 Where tombing through the aire in lompe of fire
 All flaming downe she fell upon the plaine.
 I saw hir bodie turned all to dust
 And saw the foule that shunnes the cheerefull light
 Out of hir asbes as a worme arise.

I quote also the last but one;

Then might I see upon a white horse set
 The faithfull man with flaming countenance
 His head did shine with crounes set therupon.
 The worde of God made him a noble name,
 His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud.
 Then saw I from the heauen on horses white
 A puissant armie come the selfe same way.
 Then cried a shining Angell, as me thought,
 That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
 Should warre upon the kings, and eate their flesh.
 Then did I see the beast, and Kings also
 Ioinyng their force to slea the faithfull man.
 But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir traine
 Is pitillesse throwne downe in pit of fire.

The prose part of the volume, which is printed in **black letter**, then begins, and is entitled "A brieve Declaration of the Authour vpon his visions, takē

out of the holy scriptures, and dyuers Orators, Poetes, Philosophers, and true histories. Translated out of French into Englishe by Theodore Roest." This occupyes the remainder of the work, the running title to which is "A Theatre to worldlings." This part consists of 107 leaves, and at the end is the colophon, "Imprinted at London by Henrie Bynneman dwelling in Knight-riders streat, at the signe of the Marmaid. Anno 1569. Cum Privilegio ad imprimendum solum." On the last page is his device, a neat woodcut of a mermaid with looking glass and comb, within an oval border, containing a motto, "Omnia tempus habent." At the top are the Stationers' Arms, supported by two angels, one holding a book, with an anchor in the other hand, the other with a flaming heart and a pair of scales. At the bottom on each side are two Satyrs, and in the centre the printer's mark.

The prose part of the volume is an account of the author's visions, or rather his interpretation of certain passages in the Apocalypse of St. John, as applied to the errors and corruptions of the Romish Church, against which he is exceedingly bitter, and to the fall of Antichrist. The following is Vander Noodt's own account of the early part of the volume, containing the epigrams and sonnets, with their woodcut embellishments, as given by him on folio 13 of the *Theatre for Worldlings*. "To sette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs the liuelier before your eyes, I haue broughte in here twentie sightes or vysions, and caused them to be grauen, to the ende al men may see that with their eyes, whiche I go aboute to expresse by writing, to the delight and pleasure of the eye and eares, according unto the saying of Horace,

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

That is to say,

He that teacheth pleasantly and well,

Doth in eche poynt all others excell.

Of which oure visions the learned Poete *M. Francisce Petrarche* Gentleman of *Florence*, did inuent and write in *Tuscan* the six firste, after suche tyme as hee had loned honestly the space of xxi. yeares a faire gracious, and a noble Damosell, named *Laurette*, or (as it plesed him best) *Laura*, borne of *Avinion*, who afterward hapned to die, he being in *Italy*, for whose death to shewe his great grief) he mourned ten yeares togyther, and amongst many of his songs, and sorrowfull lamentations, deuised and made a Ballade or song, containyng the sayd visions, which bicause they serue wel to our purpose, I haue out of the *Brabants* speache, turned them into the Englishe tongue." He then describes the first three visions, as given in the Epigrams,

and afterwards goes on as follows: "The other three Visions followyng are in manner all one, notyfing hereby that there is nothing else in thys worlde but myseries, sorrowes, afflictions, and calamities: And all that man doth stay hym selfe upon in thys worlde, is nothing but vayne fansie, wynde, and smoake. And thus as he hadde passed ouer many a yeare in greate and unfayned loue towards hir (duryng hir life time) what with flatterie and what in commendyng of hir beautie, caused him upon a sodaine chaunge after hir departure (as it is sayde) so long a time to mourne and to lamente, but considering with him self, that there was no comfort, hope, or saluation in worldely loue to be looked for, turned him selfe to Godwarde, lamenting and sorrowing the rest of hys lyfe, and repented hym of his former life so ydly and undecently spent.

"The other ten visions next ensuing, are described of one *Ioachim du Bellay*, Gentleman of *France*; the whiche also, bicause they serue to our purpose, I haue translated them out of Dutch into English."

It seems probable that Vander Noodt's knowledge of the English language was not very profound, and that he was indebted chiefly to others for translating the contents of this volume. We see that the prose part of his work was translated out of French into English by Theodore Roest; and although Vander Noodt professes that he himself turned the Visions of Petrarch out of the Brabant language into English in the Epigrams, and translated the Visions of Du Bellay "out of Dutch into English," in the Sonnets, it is more than probable that, as Mr. Collier remarks, "Spenser translated them for him, and Vander Noodt took the credit of it." It is curious that the translations from Petrarch were made by Spenser from the French and not from the original Italian. And although in blank verse here, they were afterwards altered by him into rhyme, preserving the same language as much as he could, when they were republished in the volume of his smaller poems in 1591, 4to, and he there speaks of them in the title as having been "*formerly translated*." It should be observed also that four of the Visions of Bellay, which are in Spenser's volume of 1591, the 6th, 8th, 13th, and 14th are not in the *Theatre for Worldlings*, but four others are introduced in their place, with the following remarks from Vander Noodt, on the reverse of fol. 13. "And to the ende we myght speake more at large of the thing, I haue taken foure visions out of the reuelation of S. John, where as the holy ghost by S. John setteth him out in his colours." Spenser's friend, Gabriel Harvey, in one of his letters to him, speaks of these Visions as his *Dreams*.

Little seems to be known of the author except that he was a native of Brabant, and had taken refuge in this country on account of his religious opinions, "to escape the handes of the bloud thirstyr."

A French edition of Vander Noodt's *Theatre* had been published in the preceding year, 1568, at London, with the imprint of John Day, but more probably printed at Antwerp, with plates very spiritedly etched by Collaert. This edition is even of greater rarity than the present one in English, and is seldom met with. A copy sold in Mr. Bright's sale, No. 5760, for 18*l*. Copies of the English edition have brought in Bindley's sale, pt. iii, No. 1787, 22*l*. 1*s*.; Hibbert's do., No. 8135, 6*l*. 6*s*.; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 2721, 8*l*.; Bright's do., No. 5761, 5*l*.; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 779, 25*l*.; resold in Midgley's, No. 671, 15*l*. 4*s*. 6*d*.

See Collier's *Poet. Decamp.*, vol. i, p. 94; and *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 291; Todd's *Spenser*, vol. i, p. v, and vol. vii, pp. 507, 525; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 779.

Bound in Calf, neat.

VAGHANE or VAUGHAN, (ROBERT.) — A Dyalogue defeusyue for women, agaynst malycyous detractoures.

[Colophon.] Imprynted by me Robert Wyer, for Rychard Baneke. Anno dñi. 1542. 4to, blk. lctt.

Cum priuilegio regali, ad imprimandū solū per septem annuum.

We have already observed in our remarks on two of Edward Gosynhyll's poetical productions, that a long literary warfare was carried on in the sixteenth century, caused on the one side by satirical attacks against, and on the other by works written in defence of, the female character. The subject is one naturally suggestive of situations in which much real humour may be introduced by able writers, and, considering the period at which this series of tracts was produced, it may be doubted whether they are equalled by any other satirical or humorous works of so early a date. Amongst other pieces called forth by this controversy, is the present extremely rare work by Robert Vaghane or Vaughan. It is a poem written in alliterative verse, and is supposed to be an answer to the attack made upon the female sex in *The Scole house of women*, the first edition of which was printed the year before, by Thomas Petyt, 1541, 4to. The title, in black letter, is over a

woodcut of Robert Wyer's device of St. John, without the eagle, on the reverse of which commences "The Prologue," thus addressed, "To the ryght worshipfull and his syngular good maystres Arthur Hardberde, Robert Vaghane sendeth moste harty greetynge." It consists of eight stanzas of eight lines each, in the first of which, as given below, he would seem to refer to some former things that he had written, but which, if ever printed, are entirely unknown at the present day, or have perished, together with numerous works of a similar character :

To you maystres Arthur, my saruyce premysed
 As reason of ryght, requyreth to recompence
 Your gentle herte, whiche hath not dyspyed
 Afore this tyme, to take with benevolence
 My wrytynge unworthye, full of rayne sentence
 Whiche kyndnes considered, good cause doth constrayne
 And dewty me dryneth, to do my dyligence
 With some small gyfte, for to requyte agayne.

In the next stanzas he thus accounts for the publication of the present poem :

Your bownteous benygnytie, imboldeth my rudenes
 This treatyse folowynge, unto you to dedycate
 Whiche to myne handes, occurryde doubtles
 As I on my Journey, was rydynge but late
 By a frende of myne, with whom I was assoeyate
 As by chaunce I alghted, at a certayne place
 Whyche wylled one then, that I wolde algate
 Go forth and talke with hym, a lytell space
 Then secretly, he dyd unto me com'yt
 Agaynst detraction, this dyalogue defonsyue
 For the woman sakes.

* * * * *

I toke the volume, and rede therein a pase
 And well perceyued at the fyrste syght
 It was fayned in fauour, of one in your case
 Howebeit I wolde not aske hym, what she hyght
 But unto hym, I sayde anone full ryght
 What is your mynde, that I herin do shall
 For fayne I wolde, yf it lay in my myght
 Your mynde accomplysshe, what soeuer befall.

I wolde, sayde he, yf it your pleasure were
 That you wolde vouchsaue, at my hande to take
 This lytell smale volume, your name for to bere

Whose fantasie with faynynge, is set for to make
 Lest slaunder perchaunce, his sharpe sowne out shake
 To moue me malyce, whiche onely meane rest
 Your name may cause, suche noyses to asslake
 Therefore present it, where as you thynke best.

From these lines in the Prologue, the editor of the fourth part of the catalogue of the *Bill. Heber.* has been led to suppose that the poem was not written by Vaughan, but that "a friend put it into his hand, and requested him to get it printed, and to bear the brunt of criticism." It is most probable, however, that this was only a modest plan of the writer to conceal his own responsibility, and that it was really composed by Vaughan himself. At the end of the Prologue are four stanzas of six lines each, "Robert Vaghane to the reader," after which the poem opens with the following not inelegant description of a scene in winter:

The Authour speaketh.

In the moneth of Decēbre, whē Phebus y^e bright
 With his mocyon had entered in to y^e fyrst degre
 Of Capricorne, whan longe is the nyght,
 And the day tyme, moste in breuytie,
 Than snowes lyeth depe, upon the hylles hye,
 Waters cougled, into yse harde and thycke,
 Trees, Plantes, and Herbes, seme than to dye,
 Fewe thynges growynge, appere to be quyeke,
 The wether moste bytter, with wyndes sharpe and colde
 Causeth great company, togyther to resorte
 Unto the fyre syde, where ale good and olde
 Merely they drynke, theyr hertes to comforte.
 Early in a mornynge, in this moneth of Decembre
 From slepe I arose, and to my studye went
 Before all thynges than, I dyd remembre
 That tyme of euery man, shuld frutefully be spent.
 At the fyrste by chaunce, I red an oracyon
 Moste pleasauntly set forth, with flowers rethorycall
 Describynge the monstrous vyce of detraction
 The dowghter of enuye, the furye infernall
 Whose pestylent poyson, as cankar doth crepe
 Amonge all people, in Cytie, Tower, and Towne,
 Bryngynge Innocentes, in to paynes depe
 And from theyr good names, it doth them cast downe:
 By readyng this Authour, I was pensyfe in my harte
 As one that had proued, his wordes to be trewe

Sorowes constrayned me, to lay this boke aparte
 The remembraunce therof, my paynes dyd renewe
 Anone I espyed in the Oryent
 That dame Aurora, to me dyd appeare
 And the Sone with his beames, as golde resplendent
 To our Orizent, began to drawe neare
 With spede than my studye, and bokes, I dyd forsake
 Intendynge all thoughtes, from my mynde to expell.
 And towarde a Forest, the way dyd I take
 Not far from the parties, where I dyd dwell
 In this Forest fayre, as I walked a whylo
 Beholdynge hys trees, with armes longe and wyde
 Sodaynly within the space of a myle
 An Arbour moste pleasaunt, there I espyde
 To that place of pleasure, for my reeracyon
 With spede I approached, it made my herte fyght
 Anone I was taken, with great admyracyon
 Of all the fayre pleasures, when I had a syght
 This place was enuyroned, with Hedgyes thre
 Of Hanthorne thyecke, thre dyches depe east
 Thre waters there were, whiche I dyd se
 In to the Arbour by them, as I past
 Okes that were olde, in the fyrst hedge were growynge
 And Elmes in the seconde, that large were and longe
 In the thyrde Hedge, with bowes downe bowynge
 Many trees togyther, were thruste in a thronge
 The Ashe and the Aspe, with his leaues that do quake
 The Boxe and the Beyche, togyther dyd stande,
 The Corke causyng slyppers, to cracke and to crake,
 With the Ewe tre, a defence to this lande:
 The Plane and the Poplar, there I dyd se
 The Salowe, the Pyne, and the Maple rownde
 The Holy with his prykes, and the Walnut tre
 With the Fyr and the Hasyll, hangynge to the grownde
 In the myddes a Cypressse tre, I dyd espye
 Borderyd with Olyues, in cyrcle rownde
 And under the Cypressse, downe dyd I lye
 Where benches on eche syde were made aboue the grounde.
 These trees to beholde, in my mynde I dyd muse
 Of all kyndes there growynge, and in order set
 All pleasures worldly, I wolde refuse
 To haue suche an Arbour, yf I myght it get
 Suche fragraunt sauours, suche odours swete
 I neuer felt in the moneth of May

Agaynst all dolour, a medycyne moste swete
 Is to this Arbour, to take the redy way.
 As in this place pleasaunt, my selfe I dyd comforte
 With sauours souerayne, and colours good for syght
 A Fawcon and a Pye, to the same dyd resorte,
 And ouer my heade, in the Cypresse they dyd fyght.
 Great stryfe was betwene them, with argumentacyon
 Theyr oppynyons contrary semed unto me,
 The Pye prated fast, with moche conteneyon
 And sayde that her sentence, nedes trewe must be.

The Poem is carried on in the form of a dialogue between a Falcon and a Pye, in which the former defends the sex against the malice and unjust accusations of the prating Pye. The examples on either side are chiefly brought from the Scriptures, and from the classical and heathen writers. At the end of the Dialogue between the Falcon and the Pye, are some short poems by Vaughan, "To the Fawcon — To the Pye — Lenvoy — To the Treatyse"; and the book concludes, "Thus endeth the Fawcon and the Pye Anno dñi. 1542. Imprynted by me Robert Wyer for Rycharde Banckes. Cum priuilegio regali, ad imprimendū solū. per septem annum," with the device of St. John, with the eagle, as given in Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 173, and at the sides, "Robert Wyer. The prynter." The volume is very neatly printed, with marginal references, in a sort of foreign secretary gothic type, in which Wyer also executed some other pieces.

Consult Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 392, and Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 181, for notices of this very rare poem, which sold at Heber's sale, pt. iv, No. 2835, for 11*l.*; Inglis's do., No. 1498, 20*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*; Bright's do., No. 5758, 25*l.*

Fine copy. Bound by C. Murton.
 In Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

VENNARD, (RICHARD.)—The Right Way to Heaven: And the true testimonie of a faithfull and loyall subiect. Compiled by Richard Vennard of Lincolnes Inne.

Math. 6. First seeke the kingdom of Heauen, and all things shal be giuen.

At London Printed by Thomas Este. 1601. 4to, pp. 72.

The title to this curious production is printed in the centre of a woodcut border elaborately ornamented with figures of Fame and Victory at the top, the arms of Queen Elizabeth being between them; below are the arms of the Stationer's Company, with the initials R. V. underneath, and the royal supporters at each corner. The title of the present copy is painted and illuminated, and on the back, at the top and bottom of the page, and also at the top of the next, are some further woodcut decorations, containing, above the sacred monogram in the centre, and below, a figure of death seated on a throne. Each page is also printed with a neat woodcut border, and numerous ornamental capitals, the whole, in this copy, being coloured. On the reverse of the title are some acrostic verses, entitled "Salvator Mundi," opposite to which is a prose dedication "To the high and mightie Princis Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, France, and Ireland," &c., signed "Richard Vennard." Then follows a poem in praise of the works of God, inscribed "Laudetur Dominus in æternum," consisting of twenty-eight six-line stanzas. And afterwards commences the first of the two subjects mentioned in the title, "The Right Way to Heaven," which is in prose, and is divided into twelve short chapters, at the end of which is "A most godly and comfortable Praier, in time of Aduersitie." After this there should be a poem called "The Lamentation of the lost Sheep," seven seven-line stanzas, with a woodcut, at the end, of our Saviour crowned with thorns, with the lost sheep on his shoulders, two leaves, which, in the present copy, are wanting. The second portion of the prose part of the work follows, entitled "An Exhortacion to continew all Subiects in their dew obedience, together with the reward of a faithful subiect to his Prince." This "Exhortacion" is addressed (1.) "To the Reuerend Lo. Bishops and the Clergie." (2.) "To the true Nobilitie of this Realme." (3.) "To the Ciuile Maiestrates, the Lord Maior and the Shrifcs of London, and other inferiour officers." And (4.) "To the true and faithfull priuate subiect." In this latter portion occurs the following eulogy on the Lord Treasurer Burghley, the Earl of Nottingham, and Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice, three distinguished characters of Elizabeth's reign, which we quote as a specimen of the author's prose composition, and also the more willingly because, that in the second edition, printed in the succeeding year, this passage is altogether omitted.

"I know my most louing countrymen, that you well perceiue the Princely care of hir Maiestic towards you hir louing subiects, and the honourable disposition and noble industrie of hir vigilant counsell. Of which Honourable society, although now vn-

timely decessed, I cannot but call to minde that Right Honorable and most worthely to bee remembred, the late *Lord Burgley*, and *Lord high Treasurer of England*. Whose fame may not be sealed vp with the leaden hand of *Obluion*, who whilst he liued shewed himselfe one of the most faithfull, carefull, and wise counceillours that euer liued in any kingdome of Christendome.

"He was the Beacon that discouered forrein mallice, and home-bred mischiefe, the neuer fayling watch-tower of the common-wealth, the hart of Iustice, bearing vp the ballance of weightie causes with an euen hand, and cutting downe with the sharp sword of preuencion the children of rebellion at home, and the enuious intencion of the Enemie abroad. For causes in common triall, I call heauen to witnes, I speake but what I know, as he was Iudicial, wary, and circūspect, so was he vpriight, discreet, and pittifull, not leaning to any side either for fauour or gift, but with an impartiall eye iudging all things according to the equitie of the cause. Would many brāches like to that tree from whence it sprang might from that stocke spread their vertue, in this hir Maiesties garden of happie gouernment.

"In which ranke of true nobilitie, diligent watchmen, and graue Councellers, I may not omit that Right Honorable and milde condicioned *Lord*, the *Earle of Nottingham*, whose true loyaltie to hir Maiestie, neuer spotted with the least mistrust, may keep euen wing with the rest of that Honorable societie, whose true shew of a vertuous and noble minde, is daily made apparant by his exceeding bountie towards the poore and needie. The fruit whereof is Eternall saluacion.

"And that Reuerent and carefull Gentleman *Sir John Popham Knight*, *Lord chiefe Iustice of England*, being another of the body of the Counsell, whose Honorable forwardnesse, with great discreation hath ben often proued in your Maiesties serious affaires (as in caluuing the *Realme* with quiet, that hath been hertofore tempestuously troubled with bloody murderers and felonious robbers: but now, *God* be thanked, by his diligent and wise gouernment well reformed, whose exceeding loue to his Prince and countrie, hath ben often made apparant by his laborious indeauours."

The prose portion of the volume concludes with a description of "What a faithfull subiect is." Then occurs an acrostic on "*Elizabetha Regina*," and a poem in praise of the same royal personage entitled "*The Miracle of Nature*," consisting of thirty-four six-line stanzas, which apparently was intended to conclude the volume, as the signatures end here. Next, however, in addition follows, "A prayer for the prosperous successe of hir Maiesties forces in Ireland," signed R. V., on the reverse of which is an ornamented page with figures at the sides, and in the centre a woodcut of St. George and the Dragon with the motto, "*Conculcabis Leonem et draconem. Psal. 90*," and inscribed "*St. George for England*." Opposite to this are eight six-line stanzas in allusion to this cut, the last four of which commemorate the visit of the celebrated Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, in Ireland, where he had been appointed Lord Deputy by Elizabeth, and his

entire success against the Rebels in 1600 under the famous O'Neile, Earl of Tyrone, the great chieftain of the rebellion, for which he was afterwards rewarded by James I. with the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland, and created Earl of Devonshire. We give these four stanzas at length, particularly as the last three of them are omitted in the second edition.

Saint Georges knight, goe Noble Mountioy on,
 bearing thy Sauours badge within thy breast:
 Quell that Hells shape of diuellish proud Terone,
 and couer with the dust his stubborne Crest:
 That our deere Princesse and hir land be safe,
 such power to him, Oh Jesus Christ vouchsafe.

And, as thou hast thy glorious Mercy shoven
 in beating downe his foes beefore his face:
 So, let them still bee wholly ouerthrowen,
 that sceke thy holy glorious words disgrace:
 And giue true subiects vertues true renowne,
 while proude rebellion headlong tumbels downe.

Oh, let him *Mount* unto thy Mercies *Ioy*,
 in Name and Nature make his Honour one:
 And in thy fury all his foes destroy,
 that are assistantes to Rebellion:
 And let thy Sunne so on his army shine
 that he and we, may praise that name of thine.

Make his young yeeres, unto the world a wonder,
 his valiant Courage, vertues honors loue:
 His fearelesse hand, to teare those harts a sunder,
 that dare the Issue of rebellion proue:
 And make his Triumph, such an English story
 that Englands Ioy may sing thine endlesse Glory.

A blank page, and "A faithfull subiects praiser," four stanzas, conclude the volume, except that the present copy contains an illumination of the Apotheosis of Queen Elizabeth, who is represented as being crowned by two angels, with a number of the heavenly cherubim above. Judging from the style of the illuminations, this has probably been a presentation copy, and it would appear that copies of this work, having been printed by the author for private circulation, vary very considerably. Mr. Collier, in his Catalogue of the Library at Bridgewater House, p. 321, has noticed a reprint of the latter portion of this volume, "The true Testimonie of a faithfull Subiect," &c., which had been altered by the death of Elizabeth, and prefaced

by a new dedication to James I., which, from its containing a Thanksgiving for the deliverance of the kingdom from the Gunpowder-Plot, he supposes to have been printed soon after 1605. Being without date, or printer's or bookseller's name, it was probably privately printed by the author for presents only; and as no other copy is known, it must be esteemed a great curiosity.

The present copy was formerly in the possession of Mr. Park, who purchased it from Mr. Payne while his catalogue was printing in 1801. In Samuel H. Ireland's *Confessions* is the following passage: "Having one day purchased a thin quarto tract of the time of Elizabeth, *illuminated* and bound in vellum, &c., I determined on trying an experiment with it, and for the purpose wrote a letter, in imitation of the hand of that period, as from the author of the book, making it the presentation copy from himself to the Queen. I wrote this Epistle with common ink, weakened with water, but found its appearance too modern: notwithstanding I determined on shewing it to my father, who thought it genuine. This and the Book I exchanged with him for some other tract. It was the first thing of the kind I ever attempted; but after I had wrote a great quantity of the Shakespeare MSS. I thought my first attempt so badly executed, that I again got it from my father, and destroyed it, fearing a discovery."

Mr. Park seemed to think that this tract was the present copy of Vennard; and judging from the above description of Ireland, and from the circumstance of the book having lost its fly-leaf, we think it very probable.

From Mr. Park's hands, it passed into the collection described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 774, and is there marked at 7l. 7s. It was afterwards in Mr. Midgley's possession, and at his sale by Saunders in 1818, No. 756, was bought by Mr. Heber for 2l. 2s., from whose library, pt. iv, No. 2838, it was obtained by its present owner.

It has Ireland's usual Green Morocco back, over a Russia half-binding.

VENNARD, (RICHARD).—The Right way to Heauen, and a good presedent for Lawyers and all other good Christians. With an Exhortacion to continue all Subieets in their due obedience: together with the reward of a faithful subiect to his Prince. Compiled by Richard Vennard of Lincolnes Inne, Gent.

Math. 10. First seeke the kingdome of Heauen, and all things shal be giuen.

Acts 14. 22. Through much tribulacion must wee enter into the kingdome of Heauen.

At London: Printed by Thomas Este, and are to be sould vnder Lincolnes Gate. 1602. 4to, pp. 56.

Another edition of this work, which varies very considerably from the preceding. Instead of the woodcut decorations on the title-page, it has merely a woodcut border, but the body of the work has the same border and ornamented capitals as in the previous edition. On the reverse of the title is the cut of St. George and the Dragon, which occurred near the end of the former volume, inscribed as before, "Saint George for England"; and beneath, "And Christ for our Queene." Opposite to this are the stanzas in allusion to the cut, but reduced to five in this edition, three of those which relate to Charles, Lord Mountjoy, being omitted. Underneath, however, are eight lines not in the other, "The Queenes Maiesties godlie counsell giuen to Charles, Lord Mountioy, at his departure into Ireland, wherewithall shee deliuered him a Bible, richly imbrothered," signed R. V. A Table of "the contents of the Booke" concludes the prefatory matter. "The high way to Heauen" then follows, an exact reprint of the former edition—in fact, the same—from whence it would appear that the work not selling, Vennard had added at each end some additional poems suggested by passing events. At the end of this is "The Lamentation of the lost Sheep"—seven stanzas with the woodcut of our Saviour bearing the lost sheep on his shoulders. After this is "The reward of a faithfull subiect," as before, with the exception of the omission of the characters given in the first edition. At the close of the prose part of the volume, which, as we have shewn, contains some omissions and variations, are some pieces of poetry not in the former edition. The first is entitled "The discription of Loyaltie," consisting of six six-line stanzas, which appear very superior to some of the other poems by Vennard, and are so full of beautiful and poetical images, that we quote them at length:

About the Clowdes wher spangled tropes of Stars
 adorne the precious bosome of the Skye:
 Where heauenly peace abandons breaking Iars,
 and all the Consort that is tun'd on high
 Send forth their delicate melodious sound,
 that make those christall vaults with ioy abound.

Within the bright Imperiall Orbe of rest,
 where soules of Saiuts on golden Alters set :
 And in the Lambs sweet breath are onely blest,
 where thousand graces millions more beget :
 Is Loyaltie inthron'd in blessed Chaire,
 most gorgeous in attire, most heuently faire.
 About hir Head, the swift wing'd Cherubines,
 houer their siluer pinions in hir eyes :
 And the sweet Spheares with glorious Seraphins
 upon hir shining brow with blisse arise :
 No stormie Clowdes can vaile hir beauteous face,
 because there burnes the holy lamp of grace.
 Truth ritehly clothèd in milke white ornament
 stands at the right hand of this happy Saint :
 From whom the words of righteousness are sent,
 whose cheerefull hopes by Enuie cannot faint,
 But as the Daighter to the Highest Power,
 she sits defended in a strong built tower.
 Upon hir left hand Hope hir anker wayes,
 on whom hir deare succeſse doth still attend :
 Nor doth shee feede hir seruants with delayes,
 but they that on hir sacred state depend :
 With bounteous hand she giues such rich reward,
 as vading fame hath neither scene nor hard.
 And as grent Michaell with the Dragon fought
 about the chosen Moses sacred bones :
 So shee contends with Traytors that have sought
 to touch the harts of God's annointed ones :
 And like th' archangell giues them all the foile,
 that lift their hands a Princes life to spoile.

After these lines occur "The Authors true commendation of the vertuous and honorable Ladies Anne, Countesse of Warwick, and Margaret, Countesse of Cumberland, two of the noble affected daughters of the late Right Honorable Francis, called the good Earle of Bedford,"—six stanzas. Then one more leaf containing an acrostic addressed to "Edward Coke" (the celebrated lawyer), with two quatrains underneath ; and another acrostic on "Elizabetha Regina," but different from that in the former edition, with a Latin couplet under,

Gloria, Pax, Opes, flouſcunt te Dominante
 Vivas O Superis, ter quoque chara Viris.

concludes the volume.

Little is known of Vennard beyond his being, as he himself says, of Lincolns Inn, and, therefore, in the profession of the law. There is reason, however, to suppose, that he was the author of a play or theatrical entertainment called *England's Joy*, played at the Swan Theatre the 6 November 1602, a printed broadside of which, in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, has preserved the plot. "It was," says Mr. Collier, to whose able researches we are indebted for this information, "an allegorical exhibition of some of the principal events of the reign of Elizabeth, who was personated under the character of 'England's Joy'; and the broadside would seem to have been intended to make the matter more intelligible to the audience as the dumb-show (accompanied perhaps by a dialogue, or viva voce explanations) proceeded." Vennard is mentioned as the author of it in the following lines, in a scarce little tract called *King James his entertainment at Theobalds, &c.*, by John Savile, 1603, 4to.

I cannot deeme it now (a) gulling toye
Which *Vennard* (inspir'd) intituled *England's Ioye*.
I rather gesso hee did our good diuine
Not daring to disclos't before full time,
Be bold, goe on, nowe's thy praesaging plaine,
King James is *Englands ioy*, long hop'd for gaine,
That it is hee, who cannot easely proue?
Sith it is onely hee, wee onely loue,
Tis hee that *Englands ioy* did first awake
After sad sorrowing for *Elizaves* sake,
Then reck no clownish frumps, regard them naught,
Banish such *Fooleries* from thy purer thought,
Wee know the fruit, sprung from foreknowing pen,
King James is *Englands ioy*, say all *Amen*.

Taylor, the Water Poet, also alludes to this play by Vennard in his *Cast over the Water to William Fennor* in 1614:

Thou brag'st what fame thou got'st upon the stage:
Indced thou set'st the people in a rage
In playing *Englands Ioy*, that euery man
Did iudge it worse then that was done at Swan.

And again:

Upon S. Georges day last, Sir, you gaue
To eight Knights of the Garter (like a Knaue)
Eight Manuscripts (or Bookes) all fairely writ
Informing them they were your Mother wit,

And you compild them : then were you regarded
 And for anothers wit was well rewarded.
 All this is true, and this I dare maintaine
 Tho matter came from out a learned braine :
 And poore old *Vennor*, that plaine dealing man,
 Who acted *Englands Joy* first at the Swan,
 Paid eight crownes for the writing of these things,
 Besides the covers and the silken strings :
 Which money backe he neuer yet receiu'd,
 So the deceiuer is by thee deceiu'd.

From these lines it would appear that Vennard was living in 1614, probably in poverty, when Taylor wrote this pamphlet; that he had taken some part on the stage in his own play of *England's Joy* when acted at the Swan Theatre; and that Fennor had appropriated to himself some production of Vennard's, for the proper transcribing of which, to present to noblemen and others, he had paid eight crowns, which was never repaid by Fennor. Care should be taken not to confound this *William Fennor*, or *Vennor* as he is sometimes called, with *Richard Vennard*, which seems to have been done by Mr. Collier in his *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 321, in attributing this piece of *Englands Joy* to William Fennor, though he afterwards corrects himself at p. 406; and by Mr. Gifford in his *Edit. of Ben Jonson's Works*. Of this melo-dramatic pageant of *England's Joy*, which was so popular in 1603, and which represented in dumb shew the principal political events in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, concluding with her apotheosis in great state, in which, "being crowned with the Sun, Moon, and Stars, she is taken up into Heaven," the plot, originally printed, as we have mentioned, on a broad-side, has been reprinted in the *Harl. Miscell.*, vol. x, p. 198. It is alluded to by Ben Jonson in his Masque of *Love Restored*, 1610-11, in the following passage :

Robin Goodfellow. 'Slight a fine trick ! a piece of *Englands Joy* this.

And again, by the same, in his Masque of *Augurs*, 1622, thus :

Enter the Lady with her two maids.

Slug. And were three of those Gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of *Englands Joy* in six hundred and three.

Lady. What talk you of *Englands Joy*, Gentlemen? You have another matter in hand, I wiss, *Englands Sport* and *Delight* if you can manage it.

And in Sir John Suckling's Comedy of *The Goblins*, 1646, this passage occurs :

First Thief. Let me see the Author of the Bold Beauchamps and *Englands Joy*.

Poet. The last was a well writ piece I assure you; a Breton I take it, and Shakespeare's every way.

It may be remarked that *Englands Joy* was at one time supposed to have been written by Nicholas Breton. It has been reprinted in the last edition of the *Harl. Miscell.* See also Ritson's *Bibliogr.*, p. 380; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, pp. 321, 405; Nicholls's *Progr. Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii, pp. 532-43, in which a correct description is given of Vennard's *Right Way to Heaven*, 1601, and all the latter or poetical part of the first edition is reprinted at full length. Consult also Dodsley's *Collect. Old Plays*, vol. x, p. 72, and vol. xii, p. 425, edit. 1780; Nicholls's *Progr. James I.*, vol. ii, p. 398, and vol. iii, p. 739.

Half bound, Brown Morocco.

VERSTEGAN, (RICHARD).—Odes in imitation of the Seauen Penitential Psalmes, with sundry other Poemes and ditties tending to deuotion and petic.

Imprinted Anno Domini M.D.CI. 8vo.

Richard Verstegan, the author of these poems, although residing chiefly abroad, was a native of this country, but descended from foreign parents, his grandfather having been driven from Guelderland, his native home, by wars and other troubles, into England, about the reign of Henry VII., and settled in London, where he married, and shortly after died, leaving an only son. This son, who was a cooper by trade, was the father of our present author, who was born in London, and received his education at Oxford, but left that university without taking a degree, on account of his change of religion from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic faith. He is better known as the learned author of *The Restitution of decayed Intelligence in Antiquities, &c.*, 1605, 4to, a work still deservedly held in much esteem, and of several other publications chiefly printed in Antwerp, to which city he had retired, and there, according to Wood, "exercised the trade of a printer." He was in close connection with the Jesuits, writing much in their favour, and was well skilled in drawing and painting, which enabled him to illustrate his numerous publications by the productions of his own pencil. He continued to reside at Antwerp during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and died there, but the exact date of his death is not known.

The present appears to be his only poetical work, and like the others, was printed abroad, without doubt at Antwerp, and probably at his own press. The title, which has the Jesuits' mark engraved on it, is without any place or printer's name, and is followed by a prose dedication "To the vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen Readers of these Ditties," concluding thus:

The vaine conceits of loues delight
I leaue to *Ouids* arte,
Of warres and bloody broyles to wryte
Is fit for *Virgils* parte.

Of tragedies in doleful tales
Let *Sophocles* entreat:
And how vnstable fortune failes
Al Poets do repeat.

But vnto our eternal king
My verse and voyce I frame
And of his saintes I meane to sing
In them to praise his name.

Yours in his best endeuours. R. V.

The prose compositions of Verstegan are much superior to his poetry, and the fervour of his religious zeal more deserving of commendation than his verse, so that we shall scarcely be tempted to quote any of his "Odes in imitation of the Seauen Penitential Psalmes." To these succeed "Extracts of the Sibyllaes Prophetes of Christe." "The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosarie of our Blessed Lady. Whereof the first fyue are ioyful. The second sorrowful. And the third glorious." "Ave Maria." "Epithetes of our Blessed Lady." And "Our Blessed Ladies Lullaby." We find in reference to this latter title in "Deuices of sundry Gentlemen," at the end of Gascoigne's Poems, 1572, 4to, is *Gascoignes* LULLABIE; and in his Posies, 1575, 4to, on p. viii of the "Flowers," is *The* LULLABIE of a *Louer*; and in Lodge's Poems, 1610, 4to, is *Beauties* LULLABIE. In Forrest's Poems [*Harl. MSS.*, 1703], some of which are dated in 1581, the title to one of them begins:

All this night longe: euer amonge
A voyce, eare yt were daye
I harde that ronge: and thus it songe
Lullaby bye: lullay

which forms the burthen of each stanza. And Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, p. 198, has printed *The Mothers* LULLABY from a *MS.* of the time of James I. in *Bibl. Sloan*, 1708. See also Byrd's *Psalmes*, &c., 1588, 4to, No. xxxii. Perhaps the most curious poem in the volume is one containing

an enumeration of Roman Catholic female saints and martyrs, termed "The Triumphe of feminyne Saintes," of which the following are the opening stanzas :

The trump of fame soundes foorth the factes
Of wel-deseruing wights :
And kinges with honor do reward
The seruice of their knights.
Of such therefore I ceas to sing
My song of such to frame :
Whose need restes in no princes power
Nor praise in earthly fame.

And of the sexe of woman kynde
Though not of those of yore :
With scared brests against their foes
That warlyke armour wore.
But such as armed were with faith
Against soul-killing euil :
And did in combat ouercome
The flesh, the world, and deuil.

And for thy loue O Iesu Christe,
And glorie of thy name :
That found no woes to bee endur'd
But did endure the same.
Their faith did bring them to endure
Endurance bliss did bring :
In blis they now do sing to thee,
Now here of them I sing.

Vnheard it was in earth before,
Vnsounded foorth by fame :
Vnknowne that ere in silly sexe
Such resolution came.
Til wil and vertue did conioyne
In choise of chieffest good :
And grace gaue ayd, and faith gain'd force,
And nothing it withstood.

As *Tecla* first example giues
Whome fyre could not annoy :
And beares and lions left vnhurt,
Each other to destroy :
Fierco rigour woorking rigours ruth
No hurt the hurtlesse fynde :
Yet shee a martres is esteem'd
That martred was in mynde.

Euphemia throwne to sauage beastes
 By men of beastly mood :
 Found beastes deuoyd of sauagenesse,
 And men more thirsting blood.
 And all the torments that shee had,
 To her not seemed payne :
 But when a sword transpearst her corps,
 True glory was her gayne.

The noble *Anastasia*,
 Poore Christiaps did relieue :
 Whose heath'nish husband her therefore
 Vnkyndely did agrieue.
 But when the sword and cruel death
 Did her from thralle release :
 The heau'ns her freedome did restore,
 With endlesse ioy and peace.

The poem thus continues through seventy-five stanzas, forming a sort of bead roll of all the real and imaginary martyrs with which the ancient faith abounded. The design of another poem, called "St. Peter's Comfort," may have been taken from Southwell's poem of "St. Peter's Complaint," which was first published about six years before, in 1595, and was then highly popular, and which, from congeniality of feeling in religious subjects, was no doubt familiar to Verstegan. The general idea of the sonnets called "Visions of the worlds instabilitie" was probably taken from Petrarch and Bellay, and had been given to the world many years before by Vander Noodt in his *Theatre for voluptuous Worldlings*, 1569, 8vo, and in Spenser's *Complaints*, 1591, 4to. There is a short notice of the present work by Mr. Park in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 165; and the reader may also consult further the *Biogr. Britann.*; Wood's *Ath Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 392, who calls the author Verstegan or Rowlands; Oldys's *Brit. Libr.*, p. 299; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 776. It is a volume of great rarity, and with the exception of one formerly in the collection of Mr. Lloyd, which he had obtained from the select library of Mr. Southgate, and which was sold to Mr. Heber, No. 1187, for 20*l.* 10*s.*,* and on the dispersion of that gentleman's library, pt. iv, No 2735, was purchased by Mr. Miller for 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, one in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and the present one lately discovered, no

* This was bought by Mr. Lloyd, against Mr. Heber, in 1795, for 11*s.* 6*d.*, at Southgate's Sale.

other perfect copy is known. The one in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 776, priced 12*l.* 12*s.*, which had formerly belonged to Dr. Farmer and Mr. Park, and subsequently to Mr. Bright, No. 5809, was imperfect, having the title and two other leaves supplied by manuscript.

Verstegan is said, by Oldys, to have been a secular priest; and amongst his other works is supposed to have written the English verses to the *Amoris Divini Emblemata* of Otho Vænius.

Beautiful copy. Bound by Hayday.

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

VERSES OF PRAYSE AND IOYE, Written upon her Maiesties preservation. Whereunto is annexed Tychbornes lamentation, written in the Towre with his owne hand, and an aunswere to the same.

London Printed by John Wolfe. 1586. 4to, pp. 8, 6*ls.* 1*rtt.*

The present is another small poetical black letter tract, printed soon after the conspiracy of Anthony Babington and others, against the life of Queen Elizabeth. It consists of four leaves only, and is of the utmost rarity. The title is within an elaborate woodcut border, having on each side a female figure terminating in a style; in the centre, at the top, the Queen's arms; and at the bottom, a Phœnix rising out of the flames, *i.e.*, the Stationer's arms. In the centre of the page the usual device of the printer, a fleur-de-lys. The contents of the tract are, on Sig. A ii, "Verses of Praise and Ioy, Written upon her Maiestie, after the apprehension and execution of Babington, Tychborne, Salisburie, and the rest," 20 lines; "Tychbornes Elegie, written with his owne hand in the Tower before his execution," three six-line verses; "Hendecasyllabon T. K. in Cygneam Cansionem Chidiochi Tychborne," three similar verses; "In nefariam Babingtoni cæterorumque coniurationem, Hexasticon"; "The same in Englishe"; "Ad Serenissimam Reginam Elizabetham, Apostrophe"; "The same in Englishe." We subjoin Tychborne's Elegie, and the answer to it.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,

my feast of ioy is but a dish of paine:

My crop of corne is but a field of tares,

and al my good is but vaine hope of gaine.

The day is past, and yet I saw no sunne,

And now I liue, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,
 my fruite is falne, and yet my leaues are greene :
 My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seene.
 My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne,
 And now I liue, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my wombe,
 I lookt for life, and saw it was a shade :
 I trod the earth, and knew it was my tombe,
 and now I die, and now I was but made.
 My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne,
 And now I liue, and now my life is done.

Thy prime of youth is frozen with thy faults,
 thy feast of ioy is finisht with thy fall :
 Thy crop of corne is tares auailing naughts,
 thy good God knowes, thy hope, thy hap and all.
 Short were thy daies, and shadowed was thy sun
 T' obscure thy light unluckelie begun.

Time trieth trueth, and trueth hath treason tript,
 thy faith bare fruit as thou hadst faithles beene :
 Thy ill spent youth, thine after yeares hath nipt,
 and God that saw thee hath preseru'de our Queene.
 Her thred still holds, thiue perisht though unspun,
 And she shall liue when traitors liues are done.

Thou soughtst thy death, and found it in desert,
 thou look'dst for life, yet lewdlie forc'd it fade :
 Thou trod'st the earth, and now on earth thou art,
 as men may wish thou neuer hadst been made.
 Thy glorie and thy glasse are timeles runne,
 And this, O *Tychborne*, hath thy treason done.

The initials, T. K., may be those of Thomas Knell, who wrote an epitaph or rather short discourse upon the life and death of Bishop Bonner 1569, and some other things against the Roman Catholics about that time. *Tychborne's Elegie* has been printed in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1672, p. 395, where, however, the second stanza runs thus :

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaues are green,
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young :
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun
 And now I liue and now my life is done.

It is also given in Holinshed's *Castrations*, p. 1570, where it is prefaced by the following observations: "The conspirators who had woven the web of their owne wo, being now forlorne, as hated of heaven, and irkesome to the earth, seeing no hope of life, but deserved death imminent and hanging over their heads, occupied their wits in dolorous devises, benoming their miseries, of the like stampe to this here annexed, savouring more of prophane poetrie than Christianitie, of fansie than religion.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares," &c.

Ritson does not appear to have known this work, nor is it noticed by Lowndes.

Half bound, Green Morocco.

WARD, (JOHN).—An Encouragement to Warre. Or, *Bellum Parliamentale*. Shewing the unlawfulnessse of the late *Bellum Episcopale*. As also the Justnesse of this present Expedition for the defence of the *Kingdom*. With the Illegall, Rebellious, Trayterous, Barbarous, and Bloody proceedings and Intentions of the *Cavaliers*. Lately published at the request of a Friend, by John Ward Trooper under the Earl of Bedford.

No place, date, or printer's name. 4to, pp. 20.

On the title of this scarce poetical tract, which was printed in 1642, and of which this is the first edition, is an engraved frontispiece in copper, emblematic of the contest then raging between the parliament and the church, representing on the left the parliament assembled; above, a hand and arm issuing from a cloud holding the Bible, inscribed, "Arise o North, come o South blow." *Cant.* 4. v. 16, from whence the wind blows upon a figure of the globe beneath. On the right are the bishops sheltering themselves under the falling church, inscribed, "They are as the stuble before the winde, and as the chaffe which y^e storme carrieth away." *Job* 21. 18. Beneath are three figures with petitions, and these two Latin verses:

Nitimur in Vetitum sed quo rapit impetus auro
Tollimur haud vellent niti fugimusq: retrorsum.

On the reverse of the title is a short dedication in prose "To his worthy and much esteemed good Friends, Mr. John Millington, Mr. Peter Goodwin, and Mr. Samuel Clark," in which he begs them "to shew his Infant Muse

that favour, as to read over these few of her childish expressions (she being yet in the lowest form) and to speak mildly of them; that so she may with the more celerity, march to the head of this Ages Hellicon: Which when she shall once attain, she shall never care for the hardest sensure, that any of *Zoylus* Faction can passe upon her." The author was a violent Round-head, and is extremely severe against the unfortunate cavaliers of Charles I., as the following lines will shew:

Now you whose forward spirits Countreymen
Affect the justnesse of our cause, yet when
You heare that odious name of *Cavalier*
Opposing you; that mazes you with feare;
That traytrous, bloody, branded name, casts downe
Your drooping spirits equall to the ground;
So that for feare of such an impious crew,
Y' had rather (slave like) part from all your dues
And priviledge, then seeke how to obtaine
Your Freedomes, Lawes, and Liberties againe.
Y' had rather loose all that you doe possesse
Then take up lawfull Armes to seeke redresse.

How plainly doe such Cowards shew to be
Given up to base pusillanimitie:
Seorne then to be afraid of such a name
Which unto them is but a brand of shame
And not of honour: Can a worthlesse name
Crowne them with glory, or our deeds with shame?
Thinke you, shall arrogated Titles make
You such a just and pious cause forsake?
Can painted shewes, true substances exceed?
Can livelesse Statues doe a manly deed?
Or does the Spirit of Valour rest on them
Because base swearing, domineering men?

Y' are all deceiv'd! the valiant man is, that
Hath fewest sinnes to be affrighted at;
True Souldiers will ne're use violence,
Nor fight but to secure their conscience;
They are no prophane swearers, nor will curse
Or ban, when things are bad, to make them worse:
Nor will they cry, God damne them, or them sinke
Nor over-charge themselves with too much drinke.

It appears from the following passage that the author was a native of Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire.

But specially, O *Glouster-shire*, improve
My counsell; 'tis a pledge of native love
Go muster up your Volunteers, whose number
May strike your damned Foe with dread and wonder.

* Teuksbury.

And thou my native *Town especially,
Whom I respect, that hast been backwardly
In this defensive service stirre thee now,
Make it appeare that thou hast pay'd thy vow.
Where are the scores of Horse, thou hast set forth,
To answer thy externall shewes and worth?
Where are thy voluntary youths, that dare
Defend their Country in this civill warre?

Some two or three are gone indeed, but they
Were faine (courageously) to steale away
Unknowne, lest if they should themselves disclose
Thy male-affected would account them foes,
And them discourage; yea, since our adew
They have malign'd us with reports untrue.
But I forgive them, and doe thee advise,
As for thy private good thou would'st be wise
(If publike good thou sleightst) that thou'dst but make
Inferiour Townes thy president, and take
Them for a patterne: here, as little Townes
As are the least that coast upon thy bounds
Have set forth fiftie Horse: Young men and mayds
Of all sorts, as th'are able, lend their aydes
Some six pence, twelve pence some, as they are willing
And stor'd, some five, some ten, some twenty shilling;
Or more, or lesse, as God hath blessed them
With meanes, and hearts, to part from it agen.
Up therefore quickly, be not like the drone
That eats up others sweetnesse, but gets none.
If nothing but dead trading might perswade
To this, that might in common sense be made
A motive to stirre up the drowsiest heart
From somewhat towards this great designe to part:
For be assur'de that till the Kingdome be
Redue'de to perfect peace and unitie,
And freed from civill warre; your trading shall
Continually decay, nor mend at all.

And this, methinks, should stir up every place
To doe the like, because it is the ease
Of all the Kingdome; For my part, had I
A thousand lives, and for each life, lying by

A thousand pound (which are above my spheare)
I'de hazzard all to free the State from feare.

One more quotation, and we end :

As for the carriage of the Cavaliers,
Their tyranny and wickednesse appears
So grosse, and palpable, that it will be
But needlesse labour, and time lost for me
Their rude and barbarous actions to repeat ;
Their robberies and murthers are so great
In *Yorkshire, Lestershire, at Coventry :*
Northamptonshire, Bath, Portsmouth, Banbury.
And superstitious *Oxford*, that was glad
At their first entrance ; but are since grown sad
To see their rude behaviour, and what preys
They make of all things that fall in their wayes.

... ..
Now little book, flie on the wings of fame
As far beyond the place from whence I came
As it is thither : that both North and South,
And all the winds may have thee in their mouth,
And take thy counsell : that from *Cornwall* and
From th' utmost limits of *Northumberland*,
And *Durham* : yea from *Dover* in the East,
To th' utmost bounds of *Chester* in the West,
Thou mayest have audience : that our Heroes may
Muster their forces 'gainst that fatall day.
Grave *Essex* the chief Leader of us all,
And *Bedford* our Lieutenant Generall,
Not all the Romane States can make us fear,
Nor the great Turke himselve if he were here.
Our Cause is just, therefore though thousands die,
We are confident to get the victory.

The present copy of this work is the one mentioned in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 880, and marked at 3*l.* 3*s.*, whence it was purchased, in 1815, by Mr. Heber, and has since been bound by Charles Lewis. It was procured at the sale of the library of the latter gentleman in 1834, pt. iv, No. 2857.

Bound by Charles Lewis the elder.
In Dark Green Morocco extra, gilt leaves.

WARD, (JOHN.) — The Christians Incouragement earnestly to contend

For Christ his gossell and for all
Our Christian liberties in thrall
Which who refuseth let him bee
For aye Anathema, say wee.

Written by J. Ward Gent.

{ Reade } and { Judge }
{ Consider } and { Censure }

To which is added Irelands Greivances.

London Printed for Io. Hancock. 1643. 4to, pp. 20.

This edition is not mentioned in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, nor, excepting a slight notice of it by Lowndes, do we find it alluded to by any bibliographer. The above title is given on a curtain in the centre of a neat frontispiece engraved on copper, at the sides of which are six small oval portraits beautifully executed — the Bishop, Judge, and Cavalier on one side, with the motto over them

When this corrupted Crew quite fall
Truth with peace then flourish shall,

and an inscription, "These praye for, Pleade for, Fight for Desolation." On the other side, those of Mr. Burton, Mr. Prynne, and Capt. Bastwick, with the motto,

Us Imitate whose suffering
Shall speedily their ruin bring,

and the inscription, "These Praye for, Pleade for, Fight for Reformation." This frontispiece is extremely scarce, and copies with it seldom occur. The letterpress is exactly similar to the former, indeed it is the same edition, with merely the substitution of a new title. It does not appear that the latter portion, relating to "Irelands Greivances," was ever added by the author. A copy of the work, with this latter title, was sold at Mr. Townley's Sale, pt. ii, No. 1592, for 2*l.* 17*s.*; and at Sir Mark M. Sykes's do., pt. iii, No. 963, for 3*l.* 3*s.* The present copy cost Mr. Heber 4*l.* 15*s.*, and is

Bound by Charles Lewis, uniform with the former,
In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

The Thirty-sixth Report

OF THE

COUNCIL OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

*Read at the Annual Meeting, held by permission of the Feoffees, in the
Audit Room of Chetham's Hospital, on Tuesday, the 18th day
of March 1879, by adjournment from the 1st.*

THE first of the Publications for the year 1878-9, and the 105th in the series of the works of the Chetham Society, is the *History of the Parish of Garstang, in the county of Lancaster*, by Lieut.-Col. FISHWICK, F.S.A., Part 2, Part 1 having been issued as the third volume for the year 1877-8, instead of the *Inventories of Church Goods, taken in 1552*, edited by J. E. BAILEY, Esq., F.S.A., Part 1, which was postponed to the following year.

The History of Garstang follows, in natural sequence, that of Kirkham, and may be styled another chapter in the History of Amounderness. It is compiled on the same plan as that valuable work, and the editor has left no available source of information unconsulted or unreferred to which could tend to render the history more complete. The result has been, to throw much additional light on a parochial district of Lancashire which stood greatly in want of an historian, Dr. T. D. Whitaker's account of it in his *History of Richmondshire* being very scanty, and Baines's, in his *Lancashire*, being full of errors and imperfections, which greater care and a wider range of investigation might have prevented. There are many circumstances which contribute to render the annals of Garstang interesting. Amongst others, it will be remembered, that in the enumeration of its vicars, occurs the name of Isaac Ambrose, revered alike by conformist and nonconformist, and of whom and whose family Col. Fishwick has given full particulars, and that in the same list, somewhat later, is seen that of "silver tongued" Wroe, afterwards warden of Manchester, one of the popular preachers of his day, and whose epitaph may still be read in the Cathedral.

The second work for 1878-9, and the 106th in the Chetham series, is *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica, or a Bibliographical and Descriptive Catalogue of a portion of a Collection of early English Poetry*, by the late Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A., prepared for publication by the PRESIDENT of the Chetham Society. Part 9. This part continues the Alphabetical series of the works selected for notice from M to the end of R, and amongst other authors, whose productions are described, includes the names of Manley, Marston, Munday, Murford, Nash, Nelson, Niccols, Nuce, Overbury, Parker (Archbishop), Parker (Martin), Parrot, Partridge, Peacham, Petowe, Philippott, Pierce Plowman, Quarles (John), Raleigh (Geo.), Rhodes, Ripley, and Rowlands (Saml.) There is great variety in the poetical extracts given in this volume from the different writers, and it will be found, on examination, to contain much attractive matter, Biographical and Critical, as well as a large amount of accurate and useful Bibliographical information. The tenth part, which will be proceeded with as speedily as possible, will conclude this very elaborate work, so honourable to the taste, judgment, and untiring perseverance of its author, and which the approaching sale of the magnificent collection of the late Henry Huth, Esq., who derived many of the treasures in his library from the dispersion of Mr. Corser's, renders, at the present time, peculiarly important and valuable.

The third Publication for the year 1878-9, and the 107th in the Society's series, will be Part 1 of the *Inventories of Church Goods in the Parishes of Lancashire, taken by a Royal Commission in 1552*, edited by J. E. BAILEY, Esq., F.S.A., the contents of which were noticed in the Report of the Council for the last year.

It is expected that the three volumes will be issued together, to the members, very speedily.

It is with deep regret that the Council have to record the loss of Canon Raines, whose death took place at Scarboro' on the 17th of October last, after an illness of short duration.

From the commencement of the Chetham Society he took the warmest interest in its success and continuance, and on the death of Canon Parkinson, twenty years ago, he succeeded him in the office of Vice-President. It is one of the fortunate results of the Society's establishment that it brought such a labourer into the antiquarian field, as an editor and as an author, as Canon Raines, for though he must always have been an indefatigable collector on the great scale of the Dugdale's and Dodsworth's, as his precious *MS.* volumes now deposited in the Chetham library sufficiently show, yet

but for the channel afforded to him by the Society's press, we should never, in all probability, have known how thoroughly he had the mastery of the vast material he had collected, and in what an attractive and well-arranged shape his vigorous judgment and accurate taste could embody the information he had derived from such various sources. The volumes contributed by him to the Society's series, and which any society might be proud to claim, are sixteen in number, the first being No. 8, the first volume of *Notitia Cestriensis*, and the last No. 103, the Miscellaneous volume, which he only saw in its completed shape when stretched on that bed from which he was never destined to rise. Besides these contributions, he enriched some of the previous Miscellaneous volumes with articles of interest, and had a very large share in the annotations which add so much to the enjoyment of the readers of *Adam Martindale*, *Byron's Remains*, and the *Grammar School Register*. It is to be hoped that, of such a man as Canon Raines, an adequate memorial in the shape of a full biography, may, in due time, be supplied. On his merits as a Christian pastor it is not within the province of this report to enter, nor is it necessary, for the touching scene presented at his funeral at Milnrow was worth volumes of studied panegyric. As an antiquary of the true stamp, bounteous and liberal in communication, overflowing with kindness and courtesy, with a memory which was a wonderful storehouse of historical facts and information, regarding places, times and families, always ready at call, either in conversation in which he excelled, or in composition which could give new grace and attraction to an unpromising subject, he must ever hold a very distinguished place, while by those who were honoured with his friendship, the loss of such a bright example of excellence, combined with knowledge so extensive and associated with all those characteristic amenities which make social intercourse delightful, must be felt, and sadly felt, as an irreparable bereavement.

The works in the following list, and which, with the exception of Nos. 1 and 6, are continuations, may be expected to appear at no distant period in the Chetham series.

1. *Correspondence of Nathan Walworth and Peter Seddon of Outwood, and other Documents and Papers in relation to the building of Ringley Chapel.* Edited by JOHN S. FLETCHER, Esq.

2. *The Visitation of Lancashire and a part of Cheshire, made in the Twenty-fourth year of the reign of King Henry VIII, A.D. 1533.* Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq. Second and concluding Part.

3. *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica.* Tenth and concluding part. Edited

from the *MSS.* of the late Rev. T. CORSER, M.A., F.S.A., by the PRESIDENT of the Chetham Society.

4. *Worthington's Diary*, vol. 2, part 2, which concludes the work. Edited by the PRESIDENT of the Chetham Society.

5. *Inventories of Church Goods in the Parishes of Lancashire taken in 1552*. Edited by J. E. BAILEY, Esq., F.S.A. Second and concluding Part.

6 *Two Compoti of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln*, of the date of 30th January, 1297, respecting his lands in Lancashire and Cheshire. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.

7. Continuation of *General Index* from the 31st Volume of the series to the present time.

THE TREASURER IN ACCOUNT WITH THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

Dr.

For the Year ending February 28th, 1879.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
1 Subscription for 1868-69 (26th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1 Collected	1	0	0
2 Subscriptions for 1869-70 (27th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1 Collected	1	0	0
1 Cancelled.			
2 Subscriptions for 1870-71 (28th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1 Collected	1	0	0
1 Cancelled.			
3 Subscriptions for 1871-72 (29th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1 Collected	1	0	0
2 Cancelled.			
6 Subscriptions for 1872-73 (30th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1 Collected	1	0	0
5 Cancelled.			
14 Subscriptions for 1873-74 (31st year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1 Collected	1	0	0
13 Cancelled.			
19 Subscriptions for 1874-75 (32nd year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
2 Collected	2	0	0
13 Cancelled.			
4 Outstanding.			
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13 Cancelled.			
10 Outstanding.			
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3 Collected	3	0	0
13 Cancelled.			
13 Outstanding.			
48 Subscriptions for 1877-78 (35th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
21 Collected	21	0	0
9 Cancelled.			
18 Outstanding.			
14 Subscriptions for 1878-79 (36th year), paid in advance, reported at last meeting.			
39 Compounders.			
Less 2 deceased.			
217 Collected	217	0	0
82 Arrears.			
350			
1 Subscription for 1879-80 (37th year), paid in advance, reported at last meeting.			
39 Do. do. paid in advance this year ..	39	0	0
1 Subscription for 1880-81 (38th year), paid in advance, reported at last meeting.			
1 Do. do. paid in advance this year	1	0	0
6 Subscriptions for years 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, paid in advance, reported at last meeting.			
Books sold to Members	11	11	5
Consol Dividends	7	7	0
Bank Interest	4	8	0
Balance brought forward March 1st 1878.	£315	6	5
	95	6	7
	£410	13	0

	£	s.	d.
1878.			
May 6. B. Quaritch—Commission	2	12	0
June 29. County Fire Office	3	15	0
Oct. 2. C. Simms & Co.:			
Vol. 103.—Chet. Miscel. £91 19 0			
General Printing, &c. .. 7 19 4			
	92	18	4

Examined with the vouchers and found correct,
21 March, 1879.

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	£	s.	d.
1879.			
Feb'y. 18 Balance in the Bank at this date	£106	5	4
	304	7	8
	£410	13	0

Chetham Society.

LIST OF MEMBERS

FOR THE YEAR 1879—1880.

The Members to whose names an asterisk is prefixed have compounded for their Subscriptions.

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